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## MIGHT AND RIGHT.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

A monarch of great renown is Might,
And he wears an iron crown
On his kingly brow, where the furrows meet
In a grim and darkling frown.
Servile of manner and look are they
Who bow before his throne,
With a cringing smile on each lip meanwhile,
Which no honest heart would own.

Strong and high are the iron gates
Of his walled and moated town,
Where the heads of his victims, ranged above,
From hollow eyes look down.
And within the halls of his palace vast,
Amid the varied throng,
Full often is seen, with skulking mien,
The hooded shadow of Wrong.

Heavy of muscle and huge of limb,
His mailed warriors are,
Looming with visage dark and grim
In the awful front of war.
But little they count, though fierce of look,
On valor in the fight,
These warriors grim and huge of limb,
Of the terrible monarch Might.

His dungeon keep is of deepest gloom,
And its walls are red with stains,
Where often are heard loud cries of woe
And the dismal clank of chains.
And echoes sound through its grated vaults
From out the storied Past,
Which will float and flow and forward go,
As long as Time shall last.

A noble knight is the valiant Right,
With bright cuirass and shield,
Whom honor and praise each heart must own,
And every tongue must yield.
His brow is as white as the driven snow;
And his eye a bright light bears;
And no mark of rust or a trace of dust
His polished armor wears.

His strength is that of a righteous cause,
And his courage naught can quell;
While his battles fought and his victories won
What human lip may tell.
His shield is stout and his helmet strong,
His sword is tried and true;
While his honest name and his glowing fame
Are heard the wide world through.

Though sometimes borne in the onset down
By the terrible strength of Might,
Again from the torn and trampled earth
He rises for the fight.
Though foes may thicken and blows may fall,
His stern cheek never pales,
His courage [illegible]

Then join his banners of light unrolled,
Ye stalwart men and strong;
Though victory rest with the foe awhile,
It will not be for long—
For thrones may totter and kingdoms fall,
And blood of kindred blend,
Yet the cause of Right o'er the power of Might
Must triumph in the end.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BEAUTY.

### CHAPTER III.

"In what
A maze had my dim destiny involved me!"
WERNER.

"This is Upper Hampton, Miss," said Col. Clarendon's polite and courtly coachman, turning into a magnificent grove, and flourishing his whip with a proud air

"This is Upper Hampton," I repeated, looking out from the carriage window, as we whirled along, beneath great spreading trees, through whose vistas the broad fields, the polished river, the massive hills, and the descending sun passed in review before me. The carriage moved briskly along, and I enjoyed a panorama, picturesque, peaceful and beautiful. The graceful country seat, which was to be my home for six months, with its balconies and ornamented grounds, now arose before us; the massive gates were swung aside, and the coachman proudly drew up before his master's door.

My heart palpitated. I knew not what kind of a reception awaited the trembling outcast who had humbly essayed to earn a livelihood. Grand and imposing had been the approach to Upper Hampton; what would be the welcome granted me by its aristocratic inmates? This I now nervously awaited.

A tall, slender, middle-aged gentleman, who seemed to have been on the lookout for me, bounded lightly down the marble steps, and, with a graceful and elaborate air, presented himself at the carriage door. With a profusion of bows and gracious smiles, he introduced himself as Col. Clarendon, expressed his happiness at seeing me, and handed me out. With a multitude of finely-worded speeches, he led me up the marble steps and presented me to Mrs. Clarendon, who stood in the hall awaiting me. This lady, who was fat and fair, greeted me very cordially. She even went so far as to kiss me and call me "my dear." This won my heart immediately. Pending all the fine speeches from the colonel, and sweet womanly attentions from his lady, I had only to use my famous monosyllables, yes and no, sir, to get through very well indeed.

At the foot of the stairs these polite people consigned me to a tidy, pleasant-looking servant woman, who, with my basket and shawl, was ready to conduct me to my room. Colonel and Mrs. Clarendon begged me to make myself at home, to call for anything I wanted, and concluded their hospitable requests by hoping to see me down soon.

Lighter of heart than I had been for months, I skipped up the stairs; and though only monosyllables had come to my relief in the shape of words, my countenance must have expressed all I fain would have said. To my surprise, I found a charming suite of rooms appropriated to my use, instead of one, as I had expected. I had a music-room, bed-room, and bath-room. Everything was so new and convenient, and in such perfect taste. There were even violets placed upon my bureau, and the perfume of the Iris flower filled the room. I was enchanted.

"Oh! if this is being a governess, what a splendid profession I have chosen," was the exhilarating idea which arose in my mind as I contemplated my beautiful apartments. "What a good woman that dear Mrs. Clarendon is, and what a courtier the colonel is! Oh, how happy I shall be!" I inwardly exclaimed. After indulging in a short reverie, during which a thousand happy thoughts possessed [illegible] these dear people, and show by every action my gratitude for their kind reception, and my appreciation of their delicate attentions. I made a very careful toilette. My mourning had been made up in the city, and was very elegant. I flattered myself that something of my former style still clung to me. I had no longer my own hairdresser, but I had only to comb my hair back and coil it loosely behind—a style more becoming to me than braids or rolls. I wore my jet and pearl set, my beautiful watch, and one mourning ring. I stood for some time before the mirror. I was anxious to please, and I made an effort to be pleasing. Above all things, I wanted to win a corner in Mrs. Clarendon's heart. She had that sweet serenity of eye, and placid, comfortable look which I liked. Now I deplored my diffidence and want of tact. Now I bemoaned my hopeless taciturnity. Now I wished that in palmier days I had cultivated the art of pleasing, which, to woman, is of such inestimable value.

Seeing that I was at last dressed, the servant conducted me into the adjoining room and threw open the window, which looked upon the lawn, and afforded a partial view of the conservatory. I sat down at this delightful window, for the air was balmy and the landscape beautiful.

"Is Miss Clarendon at home?" I inquired of the servant.

"No, ma'am. She rode out this afternoon with Mr. Frederick, but she will be back presently. There they are now, just coming in at the gate."

I looked in the direction she pointed, and saw a young lady and gentleman on horseback coming at a canter down the lawn. At the gate the gentleman dismounted and lifted his companion from the saddle. They came leisurely up to the house, stopping to look at the budding shrubbery on either side. The gentleman took off his hat, and, pushing his hair from his forehead, turned back to say something to the groom. Surely I had seen that figure before. I looked intently. Could I be mistaken? I looked again, and, to my dismay, I saw, standing in the broad walk just beneath my window, my never-to-be-forgotten acquaintance of the opera.

"Who is the gentleman with her?" I quickly inquired of the servant.

"That is my master's only son, Mr. Frederick Clarendon."

I dismissed the woman from further attendance upon me, and, bending over, gazed with scrutinizing eye upon the manly form whose every line was as faithfully remembered as though it had been stamped but yesterday upon memory's tablets, and then, sinking back in my chair, I thought of the past—the bitter, bitter past.

"Oh, my poor papa!" I exclaimed, "is this the last plot of your life? Is this the cunning scheme, laid in the solemn silence of the prison? Is this the way, poor man, that you would dare to win a protector and a name for the child you have disgraced?"

Though filled with horror at this unexpected encounter with one whom, despite all my sorrows and my accumulating wrongs, I still pertinaciously looked upon as being in some way connected with my future destiny, and as being a remote and guardian-mind, in some mysterious manner controlling my humble fortunes, I still followed, as if by magnetism, his every movement. Riveted was my earnest gaze upon the figure of him who, in my visions by day and dreams by night, had played so conspicuous a part. He, oblivious, perhaps, of my existence, gave his orders to his groom, and with his lordly, high-bred air, entered the house.

My sensations at this sudden exposé of my father's intentions in reg[illegible] make an effort to gain admittance [illegible] man's society, were torturing be[illegible]ession. I writhed with shame, vex[illegible] wounded pride. My whole nature [illegible] the step I had so blindly taken [illegible] his family, made! To crouch [illegible] upon his too susceptible heart [illegible] there a thought more galling to [illegible] pride than that? Passionately I pace[illegible] room, and vowed I would quit the house without seeing him, or allowing his scornful eye to witness my abasement. Back to Cheshire I resolved to go, and live a recluse the remainder of my life, rather than fall one iota in his estimation. How to accomplish this was now the question. Could I so suddenly throw up an engagement which Col. Clarendon held my written obligation to accept and fulfill to the best of my ability? What reason could I assign? Would it not be better to explain the whole thing to Mr. Frederick, and trust to his magnanimity? A thousand plans of escape, explanation and release were mentally discussed as I paced the room.

For the present, at least, I resolved not to meet this Mr. Frederick Clarendon, but to task my ingenuity until I framed some plausible excuse to leave Upper Hampton. I dreaded to go back to Cousin Polly; but I had rather encounter her a thousand times than to meet this young man under such circumstances. Should I ever be so fortunate as to be thrown again in his presence, I preferred that it should be brought about in some more advantageous manner than this. I kept my room in fear and trembling. I hoped that a merciful Providence would provide some means of escape for me. In the meantime, I determined that nothing should tempt me to leave my own apartments. The summons came for dinner. I plead fatigue, and was excused. I felt somewhat relieved upon learning from the servant that Mr. Frederick resided on his own place, which he called Lower Hampton, and that he only came occasionaly to visit at his father's. I fervently hoped that his visits would be few, and far between. I now found myself a close prisoner instead of that fine personage, a governess. I subsided into a profound melancholy. The air in this fine dwelling was no longer exhilarating to poor me. I wished I was only safely back under Cousin Polly's wing! Excuse after excuse for my non-appearance was sent by the servant, until Mrs. Clarendon came herself to remonstrate with me. She said they were determined to accept no more excuses.

"Pray, my dear, come down to tea," she said, so kindly. "Come with me—do. You must not seclude yourself in this manner."

"But, dear Mrs. Clarendon, will not Monday be time enough to commence lessons? Until then let me remain as I am."

"But, my dear, the ice must be broken. You have got to become as one of our little family, and the sooner the better. You are timid and distrustful of yourself, I see, and it is as much for your sake as for ours that I urge you to join our little family circle to-night. We are all anxious to become acquainted with you. Julia is all impatience to embrace you. The colonel commanded me to bring you down, dead or alive. We have selected you as much as a companion for Julia as an instructress. We desire that you should feel entirely at home with us, and that you should be both comfortable and happy."

"You are very kind," said I, the tears filling my eyes, to think that I should be compelled to refuse such kindness.

"No thanks; nothing but your presence will do," said the lady.

"But I am not well; indeed I am really sick. My nervous system has been severely shocked," I said, with truth, for I was both sick and nervous.

"I can perceive that you are troubled—very much troubled; but at your age you should not brood over sorrow. Come with me; we will do all we can to cheer you. I really cannot be refused. Come!"

She took my hand and led me down stairs in spite of myself. Fortunately [illegible] Clarendon was [illegible] in her manner. The colonel commenced a prodigious round of polite attentions, which nearly stifled me. He hoped I was better; he was sure I was looking charmingly. Should he send for the family physician? or would I take a drive in the morning with Julia? He recommended exercise in the open air. Could I ride on horseback?—did I like the country?—had I not better avoid the draft from the window?—and a thousand other things. Finally, tea was announced. Not finding my *bête noir*, Mr. Frederick, at table, I began to breathe more freely. Mrs. Clarendon was still kind and attentive to me. The colonel was extremely pompous and condescending—impressing me with the idea of his greatness and graciousness, and letting me see, at the asme time, the immense distance between us. He asked the servant where Mr. Frederick was, and my heart leaped into my mouth. He had gone to Mr. Darincourt's, was the reply, and no more was said on that subject. We returned to the family sitting-room. Here we seated ourselves, en famille; Mrs. Clarendon took out her knitting work, Julia her embroidery, and I some crotchet work I had put into my pocket in case of emergency. The colonel placed his hands behind him, and began walking to and fro across the room. He was very erect, with an air militaire, and walked like a man who thought he walked well. His coat was buttoned up closely; his head thrown back; and the finely formed colonel was humming an air, when the door quietly opened, and, to my horror and dismay, Mr. Frederick Clarendon entered.

I knitted away for dear life. I was faintly conscious that the awful and dreaded ceremony of re-introduction was taking place, and I bowed. I did not look up. I felt the blood rush to my face, and my hands trembled, but I knitted away courageously. Nobody, however, seemed to observe this, and Mr. Frederick Clarendon seemed actually unconscious of my existence. I fancied that he did not recognize me. This was exactly what I desired; and yet something whispered me that I was not altogether pleased at this apparent forgetfulness of my vaunted charms. I sat, fortunately, sheltered in shadow, and endeavored to account to myself for this neglect of memory on the part of one whom I remembered so vividly. I knew the poor orphan clad in mourning was very unlike the beauty led forth for conquest. His eye had not yet met mine, and this, I thought, was something; for I had heard, and, woman-like, believed, that there was that in my wondrous eye which could not be forgotten.

Mr. Frederick Clarendon joined the family circle, and said some very pleasant things in his peculiar way. I like to see a grave, dignified man unbend, and yield himself to the social enjoyments of the charmed circle of home. I was pleased to see Mr. Clarendon kiss his mamma when he came in, and caress his dog, that was lying stretched out upon the floor. Feeling almost secure in my snug corner, I ventured to look out upon this pretty family tableau, and my eyes rested on the chief figure therein—viz., my hero of the opera. Ah, memory had faithfully preserved the serene and noble head, the broad, polished brow; but Mr. Clarendon was looking at me, and never knitted mortal faster than I did. Was there not the shadow of a smile upon his lip? I fancied there was. I did not dare look up again to see, but I fancied I detected a smile. What if he knew me? What if he suspected me of designs upon him? What if he thought I had come on purpose, with malice aforethought, to finish the impression I had made at the opera? Oh, that I were back in Cheshire!

But my grand hero was not on the alert, and I ventured to look out from my snug corner at him again. I marked the contour of the head, the graceful bend of the arm, the sweep of the moustache, and the fit of the vest. I noticed that his hands were white and small, his nose straight, his brow placid, his figure ample, and his manner deliberate. His watch-chain was small, but beautifully wrought, his necktie faultless, and his coat of the best material, and evidently the work of an artist. Mr. Clarendon's manner was very unlike his father's. Though equally polished, it was remarkable for self-possession and tranquillity, while the colonel's was a nervous, busy manner, discomposing in its effects, and creating confusion. There was no trivial ornament about the son—no extra finish, no pet graces—nothing to mar the grandeur and repose of the whole figure. His tones were firm and low. He was concise of speech, saying but little, and that little to the purpose. In conversation, his words were admirably selected. There was no redundancy or circumlocution. He seemed to disdain ornaments of every kind, and there was a dignified simplicity about him which was very striking. He was a most sturdy and powerful man. Such an one as can most easily entice those fragile, clinging things called women. But why sat I in my corner musing thus? Why thought I of Titania's speech, "The ivy thus enrings the barky fingers of the elm." Surely the oak had rudely shaken off the vine, and ashamed of former weakness, would never yield him to her slight tendrils again.

Oh, were I only worthy of such a man! Methinks I, above all women, had special need of such an one. Of him, in his serene majesty—of him, in his immovable dignity—of him, in his sublime indifference to those little annoyances to which I was so painfully sensitive—of him, who seemed no more affected by the sneers of the world, or its empty babble, or its vain opinions, than is the ocean by the raindrops—of him, who could have taken the poor gambler's, shrinking, suffering child, and bid her feel secure, for he was near, to nerve and protect her to the last—*of him, whom*—yes, I [illegible] need of him. *I, the waif, the tempest-tossed*, would fain have reached out my [illegible] thorough gentleman; and though I was his sister's governess—poor, and unprotected—I was a stranger, and something kind and pleasant must be said particularly to me. I had kept very quiet in my corner, listening to the pleasant conversation flowing easily on, and now and then venturing to steal a sly glance at my grand hero, when he was not on the alert. Suddenly Mr. Clarendon arose, and my father's escaped victim drew near to me. I trembled in every nerve.

"I was sorry to learn, at dinner, that you were indisposed," he said kindly to me, while I felt color rushing to my cheeks, and a dizziness seized my head.

"I was fatigued from the journey," I managed to say, in a tone sepulchral, while the blood rushed back to my heart.

"I am afraid you are not well yet—you are looking first very red, and then very pale," he said.

I stammered out something; I dropped my knitting—a roaring was in my ears; the lamp turned around—everything was dark, and I fainted, then and there. Without a scream, or an effort to save myself, I allowed my head to fall upon the arm of the chair, and there I lay. I do not know what they did, or what happened. I had never fainted but once before in my life; but then there was cause. This time I was only exchanging civilities with the son of mine host, and without any premonition my head dropped upon the arm of the chair, and I knew no more. When I recovered I had forgotten where I was. I asked who they all were, and began telling what I had dreamed. Then suddenly I remembered where I was. Mrs. Clarendon held one of my hands, and Mr. Frederick the other. I looked, first at one, and then at the other. I was most painfully embarrassed. I feared that I had betrayed myself. I stammered out that I could not help it, and was never more astonished than when I found myself about to swoon.

"No apologies," said Mrs. Clarendon. "I am only too thankful to see you revive at last."

Frederick was stern and silent. He was very glad to see me recovered, he said, and left the room. The colonel sat down upon the sofa beside me, and said I was looking very pretty, that fainting improved me wonderfully, and hoped I would do him the favor to go off into those enchanting swoons often. This piqued me. I did not know how to take him. Was he trying, by jokes, to relieve my embarrassment, or was he ridiculing me?

Mr. Frederick's valet came in to inquire how I was, and the colonel sent him word I was much better, and much prettier, than when he left. I hoped the colonel was joking. I could not bear the idea of being ridiculed. I said I would go to my room, but they said not yet. I must drink a glass of wine and get my nerves more quiet before I should go.

The colonel filled our glasses, and pledged me gracefully, and Mr. Frederick came in. He hoped I was better. I thanked him, and bowing to the colonel, drank the wine. I felt that Mr. Clarendon's eye was full upon me. Did he know me now? He would not release me from his gaze; nor was he looking kindly at me. Scorn was on his lips—fire was in his eye. I could not meet his gaze. I said good-night, and hurriedly left the room. I ran to my own room, with throbbing temples and beating heart. I was so weak I could scarcely stand. The servant undressed me, and put me to bed. Mrs. Clarendon and Julia came up and sat by the bed-side, and endeavored to cheer me. Mrs. Clarendon made me drink some hot lemonade she had brought, and fixed my pillows, and called me "my dear." In all my life I had met with nothing like this. I called her to me, and putting my arms around her neck, I kissed her, and wept like a child.

"Come, my little governess," said Julia,

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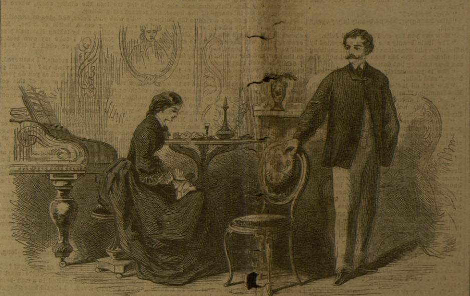

THE REVELA

laughing, "you are much more of a baby than your pupil."

"What a solemn, profound teacher she will make when she gets well," said Mrs. Clarendon. "That great boy, Frederick, scares her almost to death, and the colonel nearly throws her into spasms."

I began to smile through my tears.

"But, seriously, you must take care of yourself," said Mrs. Clarendon. "There shall be no studies before Monday, and in the meantime you must be nursed until your nerves are stronger. From your mourning I presume you have suffered the loss of one near and dear to you, and that you are still suffering acutely. May God help you. Try and bear your troubles with resignation to the Divine Will. He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. Now, my dear child, you must take this medicine for me. It is only an anodyne. The servant will remain with you to-night. Now go to sleep. Neither Fred. nor the colonel shall come near you to-morrow. You now belong to me; and so far as it lies in my power, I shall endeavor to supply the place of the dear ones you have lost. Good night. Remember that our Father in Heaven knows what is best, and that whom He loveth He chasteneth."

How I loved her! How I yearned for her! I could have knelt to her. Could she have known how every gentle word of hers dropped into my heart like balm! Angelic she surely was. One of the ministering band of God. Angel mother, saw you not this? Guiltless father, did not this redeem the injustice of man in your eyes? Mother, at the Mercy seat, was this not a scene worthy of Heaven?

I slept a gentle, dreamy sleep. Angels watched over me—sweetest dreams enveloped me. The orphan was soothed by pleasant voices in the Shadowy Realms of Dreamland.

## CHAPTER IV.

"When once love pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the knowledge we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost."

I awoke. The morning was blushing in the East. The clouds were piling magnificently for the coming of the chariot of the sun. They lay, in gorgeous array, upon his blazing path. Amber, and gold, carnation, and that purple only seen at morn, violet, waving into a sea of pearl; shafts of silver, quivering with fire; hues of dusky gray, o'erleaped by tints of flame; mountains belted by glittering gold; banks of purple against chasms of quivering light. The daily miracle of morning. The coming of the sun—faint type of that pomp which shall usher in a Greater Day.

The servant gently turned the blinds and darkened the room that I might sleep again. But the sweet dreams of the night were gone. Oh, that I could lie upon a downy couch, and dream my sad life away.

Another day was coming, to find me still at Upper Hampton. I could decide upon no excuse to get away. Perhaps I had better remain until I could have the opportunity to explain to Mr. Frederick Clarendon why I came. I did not think he altogether liked my coming. I had seen him look puzzled. Perhaps he had not recognized me yet. He had given me no reason to think that he had. At all events, I intended to bide my time. I could await the opportunity—tell him all, and then go back to Cheshire. In justice to myself, I thought it best to have an interview with him, if possible, [illegible] explanations in full, and leave the [illegible] I drank a cup of coffee in bed, and then Mrs. Clarendon came in. She kissed me, said I seemed to be decidedly better, and asked me if [illegible] room. I told her I [illegible] so. I was soon enveloped in my robe de chambre, and sitting with dear Mrs. Clarendon. I sat in a large arm-chair, with my slippered feet upon a stool. I was languid and weak. After quite a long silence, I summoned the resolution to say:

"I am afraid you think I am not likely to instruct Miss Julia very much."

"No, I do not, indeed, my dear. You will be of great advantage to her, I have no doubt, when you are sufficiently recovered to do justice to yourself. You have, so far, made a favorable impression. As to your accomplishments, we have your cousin's word for them; and, from all we can learn of her, she is not a lady whose word is to be doubted," the good lady replied.

"I have never taught anyone," said I, "and am afraid I may have overrated my abilities. I almost regret having been so bold as to offer my services."

"You are very timid, I know, my dear," she quietly answered.

"Indeed, I do not think I betray much timidity in daring to think myself competent to instruct so charming and accomplished a young lady as your daughter."

"By the way, mamma," said Mr. Frederick, coming in abruptly, "I think I left my riding gloves upon your bureau. Good morning, Miss; I am sorry to see that you are still an invalid."

I made no reply to his remark to me.

"Here they are, my son; are you for a ride?"

"Yes; Julia and I are about to be off. I shall see you ladies again. Good morning."

I saw my face in the mirror opposite, and my cheeks were crimson. I had commenced blushing the moment Mr. Frederick entered the room, and continued to blush until he was gone. Before that I was deathly pale. Even Mrs. Clarendon observed my sudden change of color.

"You must not mind Frederick, my dear," she said. "He comes bolting into my room at all hours. You must endeavor to become accustomed to him. Do you know, he wishes to take French lessons of you?"

"French lessons of me!" I exclaimed, now seriously alarmed.

"Indeed, my dear Mrs. Clarendon, I could never consent to that."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because I am not competent to teach him French. Upon my word, I could not undertake such a thing."

"But you can try, and let *him* be the judge of that."

"Oh, I know I could not teach your children French. They are both good French scholars already. Then why should I attempt such a thing?"

"Why, Fred. says you speak French like a native."

"How does he know? How can he know? He must have been only joking—speaking ironically, perhaps."

"Very well, my dear; we must wait until you get entirely well, and then we shall see what you can do. For my part, I hardly think you would have offered to teach our daughter had you not been competent. We wanted more a companion for Julia than a governess. Having been so unfortunate as to lose two daughters of consumption at her age, we are naturally more concerned about her body than her mind. One acts very much upon the other, I know. The country air was recommended by our physician, and accordingly we reside altogether in the country, except the months of December and January, which we usually pass in town." All this she said so quietly, as she sat sewing, that I began to think I was a fixture at Upper Hampton, do as I would.

The idea of having Mr. Frederick Clarendon for a pupil! I did not know what on earth to do. At one moment I thought I would tell everything to Mrs. Clarendon and ask her advice; then, again, I shrank from such a step. I became more and more involved at every turn. I began to wish myself back in Cheshire, anywhere, out of the world.

I had been fully a week at Upper Hampton, and had seen Mr. Frederick Clarendon in his mamma's room, in the dining-room, on the balcony, and in the sitting-room, and I had not yet summoned the resolution to explain to him why, or wherefore, I had presumed to become an inmate of his father's house. I began to fear that the six months of my engagement would expire before I could even make the most common-place remark to him.

One evening we were all gathered together in Mrs. Clarendon's little sitting-room. I was at work upon my never failing crochet. I was, as usual, silent, while they were in animated conversation. Mr. Clarendon seemed to avoid me. His lip curled whenever he looked at me. I wondered what he thought of me. He sat stern and grave, and biting his lips. Julia was telling her papa about the beautiful Miss Darincourt, on whom she and her brother had been calling.

"You have not seen her, papa, since she came on the tapis; she has grown so very pretty," said Julia.

"I beg leave to differ with you," said Frederick.

"Why, brother?"

"Miss Darincourt has no beauty in my eyes," he said.

"How can you say so, Fred.," said Julia.

"The little beauty she has is so spoiled by affectation and conceit as to render it anything but pleasing. She has been flattered until she can bear nothing but flattery."

"She is passionately fond of admiration, I know," said Julia.

"Are not all ladies fond of admiration, eh, Miss Hamilton?" said the colonel.

"No, sir," I answered, quickly.

"There are not many exceptions," said Frederick, sternly.

"You are too severe upon the fair sex, Fred., pon honor," said the colonel.

"I only say that admiration spoils the dear creatures," said Frederick. "It is too stimulating for their weak heads. Once let a woman be admired, and she carries the effects of it to her grave. Save me from an old belle who has lived on admiration since she entered her teens. Give me a girl who is pretty without knowing it; who never in her life listened to the voice of the flatterer; who was never loved but by me; who never loved but me; and for whom this would be happiness enough. Coquettes and flirts need never try any of their airs and graces upon *me*. Simplicity, goodness, timidity, are beauty in my eyes. Without these no one is pretty; with these, a Roman nose and pointed chin may be made to appear beautiful."

"Very good indeed, Mr. Clarendon—remarkably instructive," said the colonel. "When I shall be a widower—ahem! I beg your pardon, my dear; I did not know you were in the room."

"You are very excusable—no offence, sir," said Mrs. Clarendon, coming in with her bright, cheerful smile.

She had a great deal to tell about a poor beggar whom she had encountered somewhere—I never understood where. This poor beggar woman was then in the dining room, she informed us, and was then engaged in eating the most enormous supper she had ever seen [illegible]

"Only lay[illegible] tasted food in [illegible]" said the colonel.

"Poor creature," said Mrs. Clarendon, "her eyes are sharp and her cheeks sunken, and to crown it all, her husband has just beaten her unmercifully."

"Ah, my dear Sally, you are well known in Beggardom. They rendezvous under your wing. They get up romances particularly for you. You are the lady patroness of beggars. How much do you want for this one?" said the colonel, pulling out an immense pocket-book.

"I do not think I will give her money," Mrs. Clarendon said. "She needs shoes, and clothes, and food, more than money."

"How many of the sisterhood have you entertained in your dining-room since Christmas?" asked Frederick, smiling.

"I do not know, my son; perhaps it is registered for me above," said the good lady, gravely.

"Well, see that she is fed within an inch of apoplexy," said the colonel, "and be sure to tell her where to direct all her friends. To-morrow or the next day we shall have another one, with a history to relate, before which this one's will sink into insignificance."

"Yes," said Mrs. Clarendon; "there are more, I know—many, many more—who would be glad to eat the crumbs that fall from our table."

Mrs. Clarendon returned to her beggar woman, and watching my opportunity, when I would not be observed, I glided out after her. I saw the poor creature in the dining-room, eating voraciously. The servants were standing around, as servants will do, asking her all sorts of questions. After finishing her meal, the poor woman pulled up her tattered sleeve, and showed us an enormous indolent ulcer, which she said had tormented her for years.

"Mary," said Mrs. Clarendon to me—it was the first time she had ever called me by my name—"take this key and go to my room; you will see a medicine chest in my closet; bring me some bandages and a box of citrine ointment."

I ran to do her bidding. I suppose there were never two more congenial spirits than Mrs. Clarendon and I. Not that I could ever hope to be such a woman as she was; but I loved her and admired her beyond any one I had ever seen—so much so, that it was positive happiness to be near her.

When I returned, the poor woman was relating, in a simple but touching manner, the story of her troubles and her wrongs. Like poor me, she was an outcast upon the face of the earth. She took up her bundle, made her curtsey, and went out. I followed her to the passage, and slipping a dollar into her hand, I said:

"May God guide and protect every poor wandering woman under the sun."

As I turned, I saw Mr. Frederick Clarendon standing in the door, with his great, luminous eyes full upon me. Such a glorious, heart-warming look was in his eyes that it startled me. I walked quickly past him, and went up stairs to my room, nor did I return any more that night.

The next morning the colonel was joking Mrs. Clarendon about her pet, the beggar woman.

"Other ladies have their canaries, and cats, and parrots, &c., but my wife has beggars for pets," he said. "Do you know, Miss Hamilton, that the husband who whipped her so unmercifully was awaiting her at the end of the lawn, and the enormous indolent ulcer which had tormented her for years, dropped off as she left the dining-room, and it was made of beeswax and other ingredients known to the faculty of beggardom?"

"But is it not better," I said, "to give to an impostor, than to run the risk of neglecting one who is really in distress?"

I had not made so long a speech since I had been at Upper Hampton, nor would I have made this one had I known that Mr. Frederick and his mother were standing just behind me.

"You are right, Mary," cried the lady, who was becoming every day more fond of me. "I need no other defender when you are near. Now, Col. Clarendon, you have a wily little antagonist, who is quite your equal at argument. Go on, sir. I have chosen my champion."

All this was said to please and cheer me, to draw me out, and make me feel welcome and at home. God knows I was not fit to cope with any one, but the charity of this dear woman's heart irradiated every object with which she came in contact. To me her presence was absolutely glorious. I began to watch her dear, pink-tinted, smiling face, as I would a beacon light, to guide me through all sorrow and trouble. She was drawing me to her so gently and sweetly, that I began to dread the hour that should separate us.

Again the great, luminous, soul-thrilling look was in Mr. Frederick's eyes. Had I a kingdom, I would have bartered it for that look. Julia and I retired to our music room, where we spent nearly the whole day.

The next day Mrs. Clarendon said she intended leaving me in charge of the house, as they were all going to pay a visit to the Darincourts. Julia gravely asked her governess to excuse her, said there was to be a dinner and evening party, and she expected to enjoy herself very much. I hoped she would, and went to the door, and saw this interesting family off. I firmly believed that there was not such a family in the world—so well-bred, so pleasant at home, and last, but not least, so bright and kind to one whose fate had seemed to throw at their feet. Now, while they were away, I tried to think of something to do to please them on their return. I got a pair of rare old vases which I had stored in my trunk, and filling them with flowers, placed them on Mrs. Clarendon's bureau. Julia's room I also decorated with fresh flowers, and under her vases placed some crochet mats of my own knitting. I took the colonel's old oilskin tobacco pouch, and covered it with one I had knitted expressly for him, but had never dared to present to him. Having decorated every part of the house in some trifling manner, I made a collar of flowers and ribbons for Mr. Frederick's great Newfoundland dog, who persisted in following me wherever I went. After all this, I brought my portfolio of music into the parlor, and commenced practicing on Julia's grand piano, the dog crouching as near me as he could get. It was destined that my performance should be interrupted by Col. Clarendon's son and heir, who should, at that moment, have been at the dinner party.

"Capitally executed, upon my word," he said, gayly; "and I have been afraid to ask you to play, fearing that papa, who is such a critic, might [illegible] you could not play, and send you away. [illegible] Rollo, old boy, what fairy has been wreathing you up in this way? I know who the little fairy is, who has been trying to steal my old dog's affections away from his master. I d[illegible]t think the old adage will apply in th[illegible]se: 'love master, love his dog.'"

"I d[illegible]k it will, sir," I answered quickly.

"He [illegible] care for nobody, and nobody cares f[illegible]ome, sing me something; that is, if [illegible]," he said, brusquely. he he[illegible] sighed to rest me.'"

"Ha[illegible] up into his face, but w[illegible]ce met me, from his intensely glowing e[illegible]

"I do b[illegible] you could sing Casta Diva," he said.

I sang Casta Diva for him, and he seemed pleased.

"Now," thought I, "now is my time; now I will tell him all. I shall never have such an opportunity again as this."

He had never alluded to our former meeting. He had never called my name. He persisted in treating me as a perfect stranger. He had grown more distant every day—as though to ward off any kind of a denouement, whatever.

"I humbly hope, Mr. Clarendon," I began, with downcast eye and faltering tongue, "that you will pardon the unfortunate *faux pas* which has again thrown me into your presence. I assure you that I was, until I came here, entirely ignorant of the name of the gentleman I met at the opera. To my infinite surprise and dismay, I found, on reaching here, that he was Colonel Clarendon's son. I have entered this family simply as Miss Hamilton—not thinking it necessary to give an outline of my past history, in order to satisfy my employer on the subject of my qualifications. I did not think it necessary to inform your father, before coming, that I was the daughter of the gambler, and the hanged; because I intended so to deport myself as to give satisfaction, even though I am, what I am; and also, because I naturally shrank from any allusion to a subject so painful to me, and so derogatory to the character of him I dearly loved. As accident has thrown me before you—as I am an orphan—as I may, perhaps, have some little claim upon your forbearance, I take the liberty to ask if you will save my poor father's name from unnecessary disgrace, by keeping the secret I dared not reveal? Remember, how cold and heartless the world is. I shudder at the thought of ever again being thrown upon its crowded thoroughfares. I would fain linger here, and endeavor to forget my sorrows in this peaceful retreat. I tremble, lest something should occur to drive me hence. Then spare me. Do not say to this dear family, whom I so admire and respect, and with whom I am so happy, that my poor father died accursed. Do not whisper of the past. Do not reopen a wound which Time can never heal. Do not spurn me. Do not say I am not worthy to be here. Spare me—oh, spare me—the shame and misery of this!"

My long speech was ended; and from the great man, for whose inspection I had dragged forth the quivering, reeking feelings of my heart, there came no gushing, sympathetic response. He stood over me, with folded arms and knitted brows, searching my very soul with his penetrating eye.

Those unflinching, scrutinizing eyes were full upon me. He read deliberately and mercilessly the hidden feelings of my poor scathed heart, as I bared it now before him: I looked up, bold and clear. I had some of the poor gambler's nerve, and was undaunted by that fixed and penetrating gaze.

"Will you do this for me?" I asked, with eye up-raised and look as firm as his.

"Yes, and more," he answered, while a sudden glorious light broke over his face, and his firm lips relaxed. "Yes, and more; I will not only guard the poor gambler's name, but his fair sinless child shall be guarded too. I shall make it my business to smooth the path that lies before her, and to ward off the rude shocks which may menace her. She shall remain here, and be happy. Henceforth she shall be held sacred by me, as the loveliest type of Youth, and Modesty, and Honor, and Fidelity, and Christian Benevolence, and Purity, and all that I call beautiful in woman."

I shed some happy tears here. I could have knelt to him, and kissed the very ground he stood on; but I could not speak. No fluent words came to aid me here, and, in my boundless gratitude, I was silent. One can coin some very pretty phrases when one's glove or pocket-handkerchief is rescued; but when one is saved from sorrow and degradation by a great strong hand, then the heart is too full for the pleasing eloquence of words.

After this Mr. Clarendon left me, saying he must present himself at the Darincourt's entertainment, or be ostracised.

I need not say that my mind was very much relieved by this interview. After returning thanks to our Father in Heaven for this and all other mercies, I resumed my practicing. I sat awaiting the return of the family, until one o'clock. Just as I was making up my mind what to do in case they did not come at all, Mr. Frederick came dashing into Mrs. Clarendon's little sitting room, where I had ensconced myself.

"They are not coming to-night," he said; "you need not sit up any longer. Have you been to tea?"

"I have it ready," said I, "thinking they would like something after their ride."

"*I* should like something after *my* ride," he said. "Come, let us have tea together;" and he led me into the dining room, where the servant sat nodding.

"Up with you, Peter, and give us something to eat. Bring me a bottle of wine. Miss Hamilton, oblige me by taking Mamma's place at table. Now shall I take my own seat at Mamma's right hand, or shall I take the colonel's?"

"The colonel's, by all means," I answered.

"You want me for a vis-à-vis? I shall endeavor to fill my place as well as you do yours. Allow me to help you to some of this cold chicken; and here are some of my old mammy's muffins, bless her old soul, I shall have a muffin carved on her tomb."

"Will you have green or black tea?" I asked.

"Give me a cup of strong green tea. Gracious, I have been nearly bored to death—this is entre nous," he said. "For a woman-hater as I am well known in this neighborhood to be, to be bored to death by speculating mammas and giggling Misses is too bad. They *know* I am not a marrying man—I tell them all, everywhere I meet them, that I never shall marry, as long as my reason remains, and yet I am never allowed one moment's peace."

"What is the reason they pursue you so?" I asked, demurely.

"Because I am heir-apparent to all the Hamptons," he said, bitterly. "I shall disguise myself as a beggar, some day, and go off in search of a wife."

"I thought you never intended to marry while reason remains?" I said.

"My reason will not remain very long, I fear," he said, pointedly.

"Why disguise yourself as a beggar? No woman can love a beggar. There must be something noble and exalted in a man before he can be truly loved. I should hate a beggar-man."

"Why, I thought your heart melted at the sight of a beggar!"

"I feel pity for beggars, I know."

"Well, pity is akin to love."

"Not that kind of pity," I said.

"What kind of pity is it that is akin to love, then?"

"There is a pity which is akin to love, they say; but I can never be made to believe that it is the pity we feel for beggars."

"Why assu[illegible] disguise shall I assume to be yourself?"

"Upon my word, I cannot be myself."

"I am sure you are very much yourself whenever I have seen you?"

"I believe I am more myself with you than with anyone else."

"And you are not a marrying man?" I remarked.

"Not I. Nothing could induce me to marry."

"Then why do you trouble yourself about it?"

"Because sometimes circumstances occur to shake my resolution. Sometimes I fancy that there is, after all, no happiness like domestic happiness."

"Neither is there any *un*happiness like domestic unhappiness."

"True," he answered, thoughtfully.

"I think you are decidedly on the safe side not to marry," I replied.

"Well, if I ever do change my resolution, I shall let you know."

"Now, I believe I will see that the house is secure for the night, and retire," said I, rising.

"I am going back to my bachelor home," he said. "Peter, see if my horse is at the gate."

"Poor Peter is tired. I will set away the things for him," said I, opening the sideboard.

"Miss Hamilton, give me a cigar, if there is one there."

I handed him a cigar and a match, and went on putting the tea things away.

"I wish I was married, and had a good little domestic wife, whom I could order about as I chose."

"Mr. Clarendon, as soon as I finish washing these cups and saucers, I am going up stairs," said I, gravely.

"You shall not go one inch until I choose to say good night," he said, doggedly.

"Well, I hope you will say good night soon, then, for I am very sleepy."

"Spoken like a real woman," he cried. "That is just such a reply as you should have made. Well, if you are *so* sleepy, good night. Peter, call a servant to light this lady to her room, and see that all the doors are secured, and if you dare to tell that I have been here twice to-day, sir, you are a dead man, sir—do you hear that?"

"Yes, sir."

And away his lord and master strode, puffing his cigar like a Turk.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## YOUTH.

How delighted dost thou revel in the full flow of nature's bounteous stream, swelling to expected perfection! To the present feeling of enjoyment, and to the unbounded anticipation of future bliss, how open is youth! How full of delight and how beauteous in infancy, although, like the early blossom of spring, it feels the chills that its nature is heir to. We press the elastic muscle, full and soft, of the healthful child, and pass our fingers through the glossy curls, and fondly pinch the rosy, dimpled cheek, and gaze in the laughing eyes, and express with enthusiasm our admiration of the promise nature gives of its future perfection—we know not what; but we feel, and know that we love youth even in its imbecility. As it approaches to and attains maturity, how admirable, how lovely is youth in its pristine purity! Though man may not measure the power of God by his own weakness, he may, and must, love youth, beauty, and purity; and while such love is active in him, he must adore his infinitely good Creator.

## BETSEY'S JOHN AND MINE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Betsey Williams and I were reared in the same country parish. Our mothers were neighbors and friends, rejoicing in a romantic attachment, which, commencing in girlhood, had withstood many a severe storm, and even outlasted matrimony, with its absorbing joys and cares, and its new rivalries.

The new husbands made a jest of being jealous at times—jest, that like many another, got a flavor of bitterness from a slight infusion of reality. It is not in man-nature to tolerate another power, of whatever kind, behind the throne on which its goddess has been placed. Jealousy is lordly and noble in man; I believe it is considered mean and contemptible in woman, no matter whether *from cause* or not.

But I suppose this feeling wore away after a time, when the bride merged into the wife, and love became less demonstrative. Be that as it may, however indifference prevailed at home, the friendship of the two women never waned. Community of hopes, fears, experiences, may have served to cement it. The birth of infant daughters at nearly the same time made it more enthusiastic and expansive than ever. Each mother, of course, loved her own baby best, and had only a sort of pitying affection for the offspring of her friend. But then their interests were more than ever the same in kind and degree, and the vanity of parading the latest achievement of the "loveliest child in the world," was one equally shared, and indulged without the slightest misgiving. It was easy for Ann to pity Sarah's blindness, a sentiment that Sarah reciprocated. But both were happier and firmer friends than ever.

So you see how Betsey and I came to be friends from the cradle. As long as I remember, we had dresses and bonnets exactly alike, and made after the same pattern. This similarity extended to the minutest article of our outfit, and was never broken unless by the audacious paternal freak of a present from town, which was never used unless the other infant could be furnished with its counterpart. Even our dolls had the same staring blue eyes, the same unmeaning simper, and wore dresses as exactly alike as our own.

But it was not within the limits of maternal power to make ourselves as much alike as our externals. We might wear dresses that matched, but not dispositions. Betsey was sullen and secret, I was quick and frank. While she pouted and frowned, I howled and fought one moment and smiled the next, long before the cloud had left her face. Never was there a greater mental or spiritual unlikeness. I have sometimes thought that there never could have been a spontaneous friendship between us.

But it may be that the attraction of opposites would have proved as powerful as our inherited alliance.

And, after all, there is a great deal in the power of habit. Much of what is called family affection is the result of habit. Brothers and sisters, who lived pleasantly together in the parental home, become estranged by long separations and distance; and the habit of indifference is acquired with the same facility as that of affection. I was brought up to love Betsey Williams, and it never, for one moment, occurred to me that I could do otherwise.

So we loved, and played, and quarrelled, and were reconciled, through childhood. So we were taught in the same schools, and acquired the same ideas and facts from the same books and individuals when we came to the appropriate age. Arrived at the period of young ladyhood we returned together to our respective homes, and commenced our career there simultaneously. Each of our mothers held the opinion that she possessed a most beautiful happy [illegible] most amiably to improve the fortunes of her less favored friend. So much for the sweet self-delusion of motherly love and pride.

In a sparse country district our social circle was necessarily limited. We had made acquaintances at school, and had visited relatives at a distance, however, and these sometimes came to enliven the monotony of our country neighborhood, bringing, in summer, city friends with them, more than once. We were never actually lonely, and, until love came, shared our beaux as amicably as any of our other possessions.

Two summers in succession John Nichols came down to Chichester. The first time it was in company with my cousins, the Brewers, whose eldest son was in the same city establishment. They were both salesmen in a great wholesale store, and we thought their position a very grand one. Nichols was handsomer than Dick Brewer and made himself very agreeable to me and Betsey, whom he affected to believe immensely superior to all the girls in Chichester. He singled me out for his attentions, and I was much gratified. At the same time I liked Dick very much, but was quite as pleased to see him devote himself to Betsey. This was the first summer that they visited us, and I think that no thought of rivalry entered either mind then, though Betsey was always so secret that one could never be certain what thoughts she entertained.

The next summer Dick Brewer and John Nichols visited us again. After they had been in Chichester about a week, the Brewer girls came over from Hampton.

We were a very merry party for about two weeks, or perhaps three, and then the girls left, and Dick with them. They were to pay one or two brief visits, and then return home. Dick had not yet seen his parents, and would pass the remainder of his vacation with them.

John Nichols was left behind. We had been writing to each other frequently since his visit the last year, and were "engaged," as it is termed, though there was no talk of an immediate marriage. Of course Betsey was as well aware of this as I was, and professed to be pleased. She and Dick had not got so far in their courtship; but we both supposed that during this visit all would be arranged.

But how it really happened I never knew. Whether Betsey showed her sullen temper, or whether Dick's volatile affections had in the interim flown away to another object, or from what cause I know not; but though he paid her all manner of gallant attentions he went no further. When he left, they were not only no nearer being engaged than at the close of his former visit, but no allusion was made to a correspondence or a future meeting.

When I went over to call upon her the next day, accompanied by John, I found her in the worst of her sullen moods. She would not come down, but her little sister was sent to say that she would see me in her room. I went up, leaving John to be entertained by Mrs. Williams.

Betsey was angry with me and all the world. Angry because John was my lover, and angry because he did not go away with Dick. Angry with Dick because he was not her lover, and because he had gone away; with me because I was beloved while she was slighted; and extremely angry with herself, for having believed that anything serious was concealed beneath the gay flirtation in which Dick had indulged.

I had always been aware that Betsey could be very disagreeable in these moods, but she surpassed herself this time. I grew too angry at last to listen in silence, and throwing back some stinging remark, which I repented of almost as soon as spoken, I left her to her solitude. Going home I could not avoid telling John what had occurred, though in my love for Betsey, I gave a very softened account of it, and blamed Dick very severely.

"Dick isn't worth crying after," was John's comment. "He never knows his own mind, and is always flirting, first with one girl and then with another. If he was to marry to-day, I think it would be Sophy Hammond, but next week it would probably be some one else. But I wonder he hadn't sense enough to stick to Miss Williams. She'll be rich, won't she? and as he is not likely to marry for love, he might have taken that into account."

"Yes," I answered; "Mr. Williams is very rich, and I heard father say he was making money rapidly all the time. Betsey and her little sister, Jane, will have it all, I suppose. But I think she would not want to be married for her money."

"Certainly not," John answered, indifferently. "I only wondered that Dick was not induced by such flattering prospects to act seriously for once. Sophy Hammond is as poor as a church mouse. 'Her face is her fortune,' and much good may it do her, the little flirt."

"Is she very handsome?" I inquired, timidly; for I felt very humble on the score of my attractions since I had the wondrous good fortune to secure so handsome a lover.

"I know somebody not a hundred miles off who is a great deal handsomer," John answered. "She shook her ringlets and smiled at me often and often, last winter; but I remembered a little lady I had seen down in Chichester."

Of course I believed it all, and clung closer to the arm I held, and said, "Did you, John?" in a little, fond, foolish, quavering voice that told how flattered I was; and then in lovers' talk Dick and Betsey were forgotten in the ever new and absorbing interest of the old, old story. It was almost the last happy hour I had before——but I will not anticipate.

John lingered with us several weeks. I was not so constantly in his society, for he amused himself much with sports that I did not share, taking long excursions with his gun over the hills, and following the mountain streams for miles in search of trout. Of Betsey I saw little. At first she was angry at me, but the mood passed, and she seemed more affectionate than ever when we met. Mother had a slight illness that summer, and was feeble and languid, so that unusual cares and exertions came upon me. I could but seldom go to see Betsey, and she had various excuses for the infrequency of her visits. I thought she did not like to meet John, after her disappointment.

It was not long, however, before I discovered that John called almost daily at Mr. Williams' house, to rest after his long walks, or on some pretence; and ere long I learned that many of the days on which I was busy at home, and supposed him to be wandering over the mountains, he had really spent there. I was singularly free from jealousy, trusting wholly where I gave trust, but I could not help wondering that John never mentioned these visits to me. At last I asked him, playfully, why he did not tell me that he saw Betsey the day before, and for answer he became angry, accused me of being a spy, and jealous of my dear friend who was unhappy. I tried to justify myself; but, shocked and grieved, burst into a passion of tears and ran away to my own room, and thus our first unpleasant interview ended. After this, though I could be no longer blind, I watched the course of events in silence.

Day by day John spent less time with me, and day by day became less sparing of epithets of endearment and caresses. He still professed to love me, and sometimes spoke of the time when he should be rich enough [illegible] fecting to believe that I might not like to wait so long, and hinting that he had no right to insist on my wearing out my youth in such a trial. I was deceived, and when he called himself selfish he seemed to me most magnanimous. And by and by the time fixed for the termination of his visit arrived.

He left us in the afternoon, proposing to spend the night in the town through which the railroad passed, and take the earliest train. My father took him over in the light wagon, which also carried his luggage. When ready to start, he proposed to me to accompany him as far as Mr. Williams's, that he might make his adieux to Betsey and the other members of the family. On arriving there we found that Betsey had left home only that morning on a visit to a neighboring town. John Nichols expressed his disappointment, but bade Mrs. Williams a respectful and me an affectionate farewell, and drove away. I walked home, torn with strange doubts. I was aware of a change, but could not define it. I watched the wagon as long as it was in sight, returned the last wave of John Nichol's pocket-handkerchief, and then he disappeared, and I saw him no more till many years had passed.

I felt lonely and sad, and remained closely at home for several days. My parents watched me compassionately, for they saw that there was something wrong; but they made no comments. A week elapsed, and then came a stunning blow. Betsey Williams wrote home from New York, announcing herself as the wife of John Nichols. She asked her mother to send her trunks of clothing, which were found to be already packed, showing that the plot was well-matured. Her message to me was that she had found that John loved her best, and that, though she was sorry for me, she felt she had done right, and hoped I would not be angry with her. I did not want her pity and sent no reply to her message.

I cannot pretend to describe my feelings. With the extinguishment of my hopes—with this first knowledge of human perfidy, life seemed to have lost its savor. I grew suddenly old in heart, and began to count upon the grave, as the old do, as my place of rest. To lose friend and lover at one blow, and by such deceit, shook my faith in goodness and taught me my first and the bitterest lesson of distrust. Why should I desire to live in a world where such things are possible? If the necessity of confession had been upon me then, I should have been forced to acknowledge that I no longer believed in the truth and worth of my own parents. I had been prepared in a measure for a shock, but not for that which had occurred. A dead pause and silence fell upon my life, and I found it difficult to take up again the threads of its various interests and return to its realities even of household loves and duties.

The first thing that enabled me to arouse myself to bear my fate was the hearing of one sentence spoken by my father in consultation with my mother.

"He knew Williams's girl would have a deal of money. I hear he made inquiries; but my Kitty is worth a dozen of her and all he'll get with her."

So he had left me for the sake of Betsey's money; but I was loved at home far beyond aught that gold could buy. I took comfort. I remembered the conversation about Dick, in which John Nichols had so deftly insinuated his questions. A wholesome contempt for him awoke in my heart. I wished him joy of Betsey and her money, and laughed with a spice of malice as I thought of the treat in store for him when she chose to go into one of her sullen moods.

Somehow from that day I began to re-assert myself, to realize that life was not all a blank, though I had been deceived by the two beings most loved and trusted, save the true hearts beneath the paternal roof. I saw John Nichols as he was, shallow, narrow, superficial. All that was best of him was outside—his handsome face, his brown curls, his fine figure and dashing manners. It took time to work the miracle of forgetfulness, but it was accomplished at last. When John and his wife came to visit the Williams's, I met them without a change of color or an added pulsation. I had come to despise them, and the fine city airs and fine city clothes they wore only added new fuel to my contempt. Not a very Christian feeling, truly, but a wholesome bitter to my mental malady.

Year after year when Betsey came home she would affect to pity me. I would hear her descriptions of her city home—its beautiful furniture and their expensive style of living. And in the same breath she would sigh, and say, "Poor Kitty! It's too bad that she's getting to be an old maid. John really couldn't marry her, you know, after he fell in love with me. But I should think somebody might take pity on her." And though I laughed at this talk as a good joke with others, it *did* sting, I must confess. Still I would say to myself, "'Somebody' must be a good deal better than your John, at any rate." For I could see that John drank a good deal now, and he seemed cowed and poor-spirited, and all his fine dashing manners had deserted him.

Soon after his marriage John Nichols had set up business for himself on capital advanced by Mr. Williams. He was prosperous for a time, but after some years rumors of disaster reached us. Mr. Williams had many demands to answer, and grew impatient. He, too, had sustained losses, and was growing old. He grumbled about John's extravagance and his growing habits of dissipation. At last, having refused supplies, the crash came. John failed—badly—and the family left the city and came for shelter to the paternal homestead.

Poor faded Betsey! clad in shabby finery, looking more sullen and sombre than ever. Poor, wrecked John! bloated; his thin curls streaked with gray, his watery eyes and shaking hands told the sad tale of his wasted years.

The first Sunday they appeared at church after their humiliating return, I walked up the aisle, leaning on the arm of another John, whom I knew to be worthy of more love and trust than I had ever bestowed upon his namesake in my youth. Brief and solemn was the ceremony that made me the wife of John Jones. He had a common name, but he was not a common man. Power and goodness were enthroned upon his ample brow, and shone from his handsome dark eyes. He loved me too, and I loved him with an appreciation and understanding of his qualities of mind and heart, such as had never gone to my attachment for John Nichols.

We were neither of us very young, but we have already passed many happy years together, and have grown old slowly, for our life has been calm and equable. Ten years ago John Nichols was laid in a drunkard's grave, looking far older than John Jones does to-day.

## IDEAL AND REAL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The last stroke of twelve had just died away upon the sultry midsummer night atmosphere.

The private hotel parlor was bright with the glitter of a dozen gaslights, reflected back in shattered spires of brilliance from the prismatic drops of the chandelier, and the deep purple curtains were drawn aside to let in the lagging breeze. A circular table stood in the centre of the room, loaded with tropic fruits and delicate wines, with a silver epergne in the midst, literally hidden in white and crimson roses, and long trails of fragrant jessamine, and half a dozen gentlemen were sitting round it in various attitudes of lounging comfort.

Just as the last boom of the iron-tongued bells vibrated into silence, a tall, handsome young fellow pushed back his chair and sprang to his feet.

"So late; I must be going!"

"The idea!" ejaculated Mr. Thaddeus Tulip, with a scornful burst of cachinatory derision, as he held up his glass of champagne to let the diamond sparkles die away from its pink translucency. "Going home at twelve o'clock, Harry! Why, the evening's not half spent!"

"Oh, well, you see I'm a married man," said Harry Gore, resolutely adjusting his Panama hat upon a clustering mass of bright brown curls. "Mary will be anxious about me, and I really ought to be at home. It may be very well for you jolly bachelors to keep the thing up until three or four o'clock in the morning, if you please, but affairs are very different with me."

"Come, now, honor bright, don't you wish you were back among the brotherhood once more?" lazily asked Thaddeus Tulip, balancing his heels delicately upon the ledge of the carved marble mantel, and regarding the tips of his boots with an interested gaze.

"No, I don't!" returned Harry, with a very hearty emphasis on his words. "I wonder what you take me for? Do you suppose I would change my wife's bright eyes for all your cigars and champagne? Not a bit of it. I can tell you, I've got the best of the bargain."

"I shouldn't wonder if Gore was about right," said Jay Montague, reflectively. (Mr. Jay was strongly suspected of partiality towards a blue-eyed belle who daily dazzled the habitues of Central Park underneath the friendly shadow of a barouche.)

"Just wait until you are married yourselves, old fellows, and then your opinion on the subject will be worth something," laughed Harry Gore.

"Well," ejaculated Mr. Tulip, in accents of lofty contempt, "before *I* would make myself such a slave to any woman's beck and whim. Wasn't man created first? Don't the bible, or some other book, say positively that he's born to rule? It's a long time since I went to Sunday school, but I don't think I can be mistaken. If ever I get married—not that I ever mean to make such a fool of myself——"

"Oh, of course not—we all understand that," laughed Gore, good-humoredly.

"Well, *if* ever such a calamity overtakes me, *my* wife has got to play second fiddle. I don't believe in women getting the upper hand of a fellow. Put 'em down and keep 'em down—that's my motto."

"We'll see how you carry it out," said Gore, with a slight curve to his lip, as he went out.

"Poor Harry," sighed Tulip, plaintively, sipping his wine, "how matrimony does alter a man. Really, I should be almost tempted to commit suicide, if I supposed I should ever subside into a henpecked husband."

"We none of us know what we may come to," observed Mr. Secor, the host, with brown eyes twinkling sagely through a cloud of blue, spicy smoke.

"*I* do," said Thaddeus, shortly. "I think it's a man's own fault if he can't govern his wife. I don't believe in letting women rule the roast!"

"Better take another glass of champagne," recommended Secor, on hospitable thoughts intent, and so the subject drifted away.

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The heavy rain-clouds were hanging in ragged rifts of vapory blackness over the dense woods that skirted the lovely northern river, while up in the far distance, the irregular line of mountains made a dark outline against the threatening sky. There was neither road nor footpath along the shore, save what might be made by tearing away the dense vines and matted undergrowth, and the gathering twilight threatened soon to render the obscurity even greater.

"Well!" ejaculated Howard Secor, making a despairing dive at his hat, as a sudden gust carried it down among the tall ferns, "if *this* is camping out, deliver me from any farther experience of it. I just wish I was safe at the San Jacinto Hotel, that's all."

"Does anybody know which direction is north?" asked the puzzled Harry Gore, staring helplessly around him. "I know we were to go north until we came to a tree that had been blasted by lightning, and——"

"Blasted by lightning!" groaned Secor. "Gore, I thought you knew something about these wildernesses. You told me you did."

"Well, I—I had seen a map of 'em, with little specks where the big trees were. But I think I've somehow got turned round."

"*I* should think so, too. Can't we halloo, and make 'em hear us at the camp?"

"Hardly; we must have edged at least five miles out of the way. I say, Secor, let's play Indian chief and camp down in the woods to-night—it would be a kind of novelty!"

"Indian chiefs weren't subject to rheumatism and colds in the head, that I ever heard of, and I am. Don't preach that kind of novelty to me, but push ahead."

"Where to?" ejaculated Gore, in a sort of desparation. "Into the river? or through the trunks of yonder oaks?"

"Stop!" said Secor, suddenly pausing and gazing intently through the gathering gloom. "Don't I see a light twinkling through the trees? I do, most certainly."

"A will-o'-the-wisp, perhaps," suggested his companion, lightly.

"No, a genuine light. I tell you, Gore, it's a clearing. We're not entirely out of the pale of humanity, even in these barren wilds. Our friend the squatter shall give us a supper and a bed."

"If he will."

"Oh, but he can't help himself. A man couldn't turn a dog away from his door on such a night as this. There—do you hear the big rain drops pattering down among the leaves? Come—don't stand on ceremony, but take to your heels, as I am doing."

And the two gentlemen dashed through the woods in a manner that would probably have astonished their Broadway acquaintances, and entered the rude clearing at a railroad rate.

Two or three dozen gigantic patriarchs of the forest had been cut away to make room for a ricketty wooden house with a showy piazza and a patch of blue-green cabbages in front, and a flourishing colony of potato hills at the back. A broken-curbed well flanked this promising establishment on one side, while on the other four or five bedraggled hens and a turkey reposed on the shaft of a lumber-waggon. As the strangers advanced, a shrill-voiced cur rushed yelping out, and a tall, lank-looking man in coarse brow[illegible]nts came to the wide-open door.

"Who's there?"

Mr. Secor advance[illegible]g his hat.

"Pray excuse us [illegible] disturbing you, but we have lost our wa[illegible] must be indebted to your hospitality t[illegible]"

But the inhab[illegible] lodge in the vast [illegible]

"Jenks's tavern [illegible]r miles further on," he said, "and the t[illegible]s, my wife don't like strangers and won't [illegible]m in the house at all. I'm sorry, but—"

"Hal—loo!" ejaculated Secor, tossing his hat into the air, and executing a singular sort of fandango among the tree stumps. "Why it's Thad. Tulip, as sure as my name is Secor! Old fellow, how on earth came you among these woods? Here's Harry Gore—don't you remember us?"

Mr. Thaddeus Tulip stared from one to the other, and then outstretched a pair of welcoming hands.

"Well, who would have thought it? Come in, come in. Tommy, bring the candle, and tell your mother there's company."

Harry Gore's tall head nearly touched the low ceiling, as he entered the disorderly "keeping-room," where kittens and children, cooking utensils and crumpled newspapers were scattered around in chaotic confusion. A solitary tallow candle shed its feeble ray from the wooden mantelpiece, and Mr. Tulip promptly snuffed it with his fingers.

"And now," ejaculated Gore, as his host drew forward a chair, "tell us how you came here."

"Well," said Thaddeus, a little sheepishly, "I went to Toledo, you know, and—and got married."

"Yes."

"And then I hadn't very good luck. The fact is, I failed in business, and Prudence's father—that's my wife—he had this land up in Delaware county, and we thought I might succeed as a farmer."

"And have you?"

"Well, no—not exactly. Stumps of trees aren't a very good crop, and I don't see much else right round here."

And Thaddeus, with a gentle, regretful sigh, diverged into a stream of reminiscences, while Gore sat gazing at him in a sort of mute amazement. Truly, seven years had wrought an almost incredible change in the whilom exquisite of the San Jacinto Hotel.

"Thaddeus!" ejaculated a shrill, high-pitched voice, that seemed to come from directly behind the unpainted pine door, and Mr. Tulip started up as if he had been shot, exclaiming:

"In one moment, my dear!"

"Can it be his wife?" whispered Secor to Gore; and the latter merely shrugged his shoulders as the voice once more echoed, in a very audible sotto voce:

"It's too bad, so it is! You don't deserve to have a wife, Thaddeus Tulip. I've two minds to take the children and go back home to my father!"

"My dear, what have I done?" meekly expostulated Thaddeus.

"What have you done? What *haven't* you done, I'd like to know? Gone and filled the house with gallivanting, tramping rowdies, and left me to find the pigs, and fetch the water, and split the kindlings, and me with rheumatism fit to bend my back double. Now you've got your fine friends here, you'll just walk 'em out of the house again. *I* won't wait on 'em, I promise you."

"But, my dear——"

The door was slammed with more emphasis than gentleness, and a deep silence ensued. The next moment a rattling of crockery betrayed sundry domestic preparations, and presently Mr. Tulip came in, with a loaf of bread under one arm, a colony of bowls under the other, and a stone pitcher of cider in his hand.

"I—I'm sorry I can't offer you any more inviting fare; but—you see my wife isn't very well, and——"

"Don't apologize, I beg," said Secor, trying to keep his countenance at a proper degree of gravity. "I've no doubt we shall do very well."

"I'm afraid you'll have to sleep on the floor here," went on Thaddeus, looking doubtfully around him, "with only one bed-room. But I might bring in the buffalo robes——"

"And good enough for 'em!" snorted an indignant voice, as a tall, bony woman, with a pink sun-bonnet dangling over her face, and a green calico dress, rather short at the ankles, entered the apartment with an air of defiance. "Don't you go to making excuses, Tulip; if they don't like it, Jenks's tavern aint so very far."

"Gentlemen, my wife," faltered poor Thaddeus, looking as if he could sink through the cracks of the floor with the greatest ease. Mrs. Tulip merely gave her head an almost imperceptible nod, and returned no encouraging answer to the meek attempts of Harry Gore to get up a conversation. Evidently, hospitality was not her primary virtue.

"She don't mean anything," said Thaddeus, later in the evening, as he prepared to leave his guests to solitude and the buffalo robes; "but she *is* pretty sharp-tempered. Hush—sh! Was that her step?"

And he withdrew precipitately.

"I say, Gore," said Secor, after he had lain a few moments, listening to the ceaseless patter of the rain without.

"Well?"

"Do you happen to remember Thaddeus once giving us an outline sketch of the kind of domestic discipline he intended to maintain?"

And both of them went off in irrepressible fits of laughter, which must have afforded no small matter of marvel to Mrs. Thaddeus Tulip in her apartment above stairs.

The next morning dawned cloudless and brilliant, with the trees all sparkling with rain-drops, and the birds clamorously jubilant in the clear blue atmosphere. Secor and Gore were up early, intending to reach "Jenks's Tavern" before breakfast.

"I thought Tulip was going round to the camp with us," remarked the former.

"So I supposed," said Gore, "but I don't see anything of him. Hallo, sonny," to a little white-headed urchin, who was chasing the chickens away from the kitchen door-step, "tell your father we're ready for him."

"Mammy says pop's to stay at home and mind his own affairs; he aint goin' loafin' round after birds and squirrels, she says," was the prompt reply. The two New Yorkers eyed each other in comic perturbation.

"I think we'd better be moving," remarked Gore.

"So do I," assented Secor.

As they passed under the piazza with their guns on their shoulders, a faint voice from above hailed them in suppressed accents.

"Boys!"

"Hallo, Tulip!" as a head was thrust cautiously from the end window. "Aren't you coming with us?"

"I can't—*she* won't let me!"

"Jump out—it isn't very high up," suggested Gore.

"I would, only——"

"Only what?"

"She's hidden my clothes."

The burst of laughter that ensued brought the pink sun-bonnet promptly to the kitchen door, and Messrs. Gore and Secor escaped to the woods with more speed than deliberation, in the direction of "Jenks's Tavern."

"Well," observed Secor, as they walked along through the fragrant woods, with the bright drops showering down around their heads, "Thaddeus don't appear to have carried out his theories on the subject of wife-taming [illegible] I think my little Mary is an improvement on his matrimonial venture."

And that was the last they ever saw of Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Tulip.

A SERENADE.

Slumber, gentle lady,
Slumber like the rose,
When the air of heaven
Lulls it to repose.

Angels hover o'er thee,
Softly seal thine eyes,
Waft thy spirit gently
To the smiling skies.

### INTEMPERANCE.

It may be observed, of the unhappy subjects to habitual ebriety, that they have intervals free from delusion, during which rational conduct is continued, for a longer or shorter period, according to the circumstances in which the person is placed. When the desire for unnatural excitement occurs, and is yielded to, it grows by what it feeds on, for a time, and the victim of depraved appetite, glorying in his shame, goes on from one stage of disease to another, each one rising above the preceding, in symptoms of madness; madness, hailed as health, until nature fails, and the degraded being sinks, crying for aid to the physician or the friend, to save him from the yawning grave he suddenly sees open before him; or the racking pains which awakened reason tells him are the fruits of misconduct, and the precursors of death. Then comes that pitiful repentance which knows not amendment, and that forced abstinence, in which is no merit.

### SCHEME VERSUS MANŒUVRE.

In 1631, Lorenzo Celoi was elected doge of Genoa. His father was still alive, and displayed on this occasion a strange weakness of mind and character. He took it into his head, that it was unbecoming in him to uncover his head in the presence of his son, and yet custom and the respect due to the chief magistrate of the republic, required this courtesy from every citizen. To avoid the dilemma, the old gentleman hit upon a notable scheme; and that was, never to wear any covering for his head at all. But the son, conscious that ridicule was excited by his father's affectation, placed a cross in front of the ducal cap, and thus obviated the old man's scruples, and induced him to go with his head covered again. When he came into the presence of the doge, he took off his cap, saying, "It is to the cross that I do reverence and not to my son, or the dignity with which he is invested."

**VALUE OF CHARACTER.**—Colonel Chartres, who was the most notorious rascal in the world, and who had by all sorts of crimes amassed immense wealth, sensible of the disadvantages of a bad character, was once heard to say, that "although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it." Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?

**ADVICE.**—Always mind your dots in writing. A Western congressman, on arriving at Washington, wrote to his wife that he had "formed a connection with a very agreeable *Mess*, and expected to spend the winter very pleasantly." Unfortunately, and greatly to the surprise and mortification of his good lady, he inadvertently dotted the letter e in the word *Mess*. Only think of it!

## WIT AND HUMOR.

IT is said of the celebrated Dr. Radcliff that he was not in the habit of paying his bills without much following and importunity, nor then if any chance appeared of wearing out the patience of his creditors. A paver, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his gig at his own door, and set upon him. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you intend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement and then covered it with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the paver, "mine is not the only piece of bad work that the earth hides." "You dog you," replied the doctor, "are you a wit? Well, you must be poor—come in." The man was paid.

ON the morning train of cars from this city to Philadelphia, the other day, a fussy gentleman (of that kind who are always intruding themselves upon the notice of others) began to question a sweet little girl who was sitting beside her mother as to her name, destination, &c. After learning that she was going to Philadelphia, he asked, "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?" "I believe they call it a locomotive, sir," was the innocent reply. The "intrusive stranger" was extinguished.

"Do you pronounce the letter z, *zee* or *zed*?" asked a punning United States Senator of a "Member of the other House." "I call it *zed*," was the reply. "Very well, then," rejoined the Senator; "in that case, which three letters of the alphabet are of most use to a Statesman?" The "honorable gentleman" addressed said that he couldn't tell. "A Y Z (a wise head) of course," exclaimed the triumphant Senator.

A CLERGYMAN, in struggling to explain the warming, vivifying influence of divine love in the heart of man, at last said, "Why, *love* is the elementary principle of warmth and life, as may be seen by the fact that on the coldest winter's day a loving young couple will be all a-glow in a room in which a frosty old bachelor would freeze to death."

**A THANKFUL BEGGAR.**—Sir Walter Scott meeting a beggar, who importuned him for sixpence, the great unknown not having one, gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, "Mind now, sir, you owe me a sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and heaven grant you may live till I pay you."

A GENTLEMAN praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, his friend asked him, "Why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" asked the former. "Every right by the laws of nations," replied the other, "you being the *first discoverer*."

A RECENT traveller stopped at a cabaret in France, where the host had two sorts of wine, which he called "first table" and "common table." "I tried them both," says our traveller, "and found them lamentable."

"WELL, captain, when do you sail for California?"—"On Tuesday next."—"How do you go?"—"Through the Straits; shall I book you for the voyage?"—"I reckon not; I left home to get out of one *strait*, and don't mean to get into another."

MR. DOBSON, who has just returned from his foreign tour, declares that the thing which surprised him most, in all his travels, was to find that in some parts of Great Britain the people speak the American language almost as well as a native of this country.

"JOHNNY, my dear, run to the store and get some sugar," said a mother to her precocious son of eleven years. "Excuse me, Ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring a paper of tobacco along."

A COOPER, on seeing a dandy with his fingers covered with rings, declared that the fop "must be a feeble chap, as it was always a sure sign of weakness in a barrel when a great many hoops were used upon it."

THE way to prevent railroad collisions: on every train compel a rich director to ride on the cow-catcher in front of the locomotive.

THE man "down East" who hung himself with a chord of music, has been cut down by a sharp east wind.

"LAGER bier is a tonic beverage," said Dr. Schlemmelspicker. [illegible] (Teutonic) for me," was [illegible]

AN irascible gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend, because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back!

## CURRENT ITEMS.

As a citizen of Connecticut was examining some wild animals at Danbury, one day last week, that had been wintered there and which form part of a menagerie, he ventured to stroke a caged lion, at the invitation of the keeper, who assured him that he could do so with safety; but as soon as he laid his hand upon the animal, the king of beasts seized him by the wrist with his teeth and drew him so violently against the bars of the cage as to bruise the gentleman's shoulder severely. The lion then held him with a firm grip, the gentleman not attempting the slightest resistance, until a person present procured a board and struck the brute over the head, whereupon he opened his mouth a little way to growl at his assailant, when the gentleman quickly jerked away his hand, but not without its being severely raked by the lion's teeth. That is the first authentic case we ever heard of where a man literally "got his hand in the lion's mouth."

MRS. FOSTER, (the widow of the Capt. Foster who commanded the steamship Marion, of the Charleston line, at the time that Fort Sumter was fired upon), who resided in Butler street, Brooklyn, in attempting to kindle a fire by pouring kerosene oil upon the embers, was brought to a shocking death. The kerosene took fire the moment it touched the embers, and, communicating to the fluid in the can, the latter exploded, and the burning oil flying over Mrs. Foster's head, face and clothes, she was immediately enveloped in flames from head to foot, and before effectual assistance could be rendered her, she was burned nearly to a crisp. All remedies were of course in vain; and after a short interval of agony the unfortunate lady breathed her last.

ONE day lately a young man living in Jersey City, who had been addicted to intemperate habits, but who had reformed and joined a Temperance Society, was met by some of his former dissolute companions and forced into a rum-hole, in Jersey City, where he was induced or compelled to drink half-a-dozen glasses of vile stuff in a very short time, which occasioned his death during the day. He was insensible from the time he drank the stuff that killed him till he died, so that *he* was unable to give any account of the matter.

A MAN attempted to kill his wife, in Hoboken, a few evenings since, and, failing in his design, he then attempted to kill himself, but in that he also failed. The unhappy couple had not lived together for a long time; and it is supposed that the unfortunate man's brain had become so weakened and jangled by long brooding over what he considered his domestic wrongs, that in a fit of more than usual mental aberration he attempted to kill both his wife and himself. He was taken to the county jail and locked up.

TWO ruffians went into a store in Williamsburg, at the corner of Sixth and Fillmore streets, late on Saturday evening last, and after lounging around until the proprietor attempted to close the place, they assaulted him, and also his wife who came to his assistance, and robbed him of one hundred and thirty dollars in cash, after which they fled; but both of them were arrested and locked up before six o'clock the next morning.

A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING man applied at a hotel in the New Bowery for lodging on Thursday night of last week, and his request having been granted, he went to his room. In the morning he was discovered lying dead on his bed. An empty vial, labelled "laudanum," told the brief story of the tragedy which had been enacted in that room over night.

THE body of an unknown man was found floating in the East river, on Sunday last. The deceased seemed to have been a respectable person, and was attired in a fine suit of clothes. His age must have been about thirty years. No clue was found as to his identity.

ON Saturday morning a week ago a family of five persons was burned to death in a dwelling-house in Baltimore. The flames of the burning dwelling had made such rapid progress before the inmates became aware of their danger that their escape was utterly cut off.

FIVE persons were arrested one evening last week for committing a burglary and murdering a private watchman up-town the night previous. The parties implicated were hunted down with a celerity and accuracy which must have astonished them.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

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No. 90 Beekman street, New York.

## HERNANDO CORTEZ.

BY JAMES [illegible]

In the year 1502, at the small country town of Medellin, in Spain, there lived an idle, dissolute youth of seventeen, who was the torment of his parents, and the leader of all the [illegible] reduced in circumstances, and they had given their son the best education within their means. During his infancy and childhood, he had been so sickly that no one expected he would live to mature age; but as he grew older he grew stronger, and at seventeen he was a man in stature, and sufficiently robust. He was then at home, having left the college of Salamanca without permission, and was passing his time in love intrigues and dissipation, regardless of the remonstrances of his father and the entreaties of his mother. When, therefore, he declared his intention of joining an expedition about to sail for America, the good people of Medellin, especially those who had daughters, were not sorry to hear it. His father had intended him for the legal profession, which the youth disdained. No career attracted him except one of adventure in the New World, which had been discovered ten years before.

A few days before the time appointed for the sailing of the fleet, the young man had a love affair in the true Spanish style. In those days, Spanish girls were kept almost as secluded, and guarded almost as carefully, as the ladies in the harem of a Turk. Therefore, when a young man fell in love, instead of ringing the door-bell and sending in his card, he often made a rope-ladder, and surveyed the residence of the young lady, with a view to ascertain the best mode of getting upon her balcony, or into her window. Our adventurer proceeded in this manner. In scaling the wall of the garden which enclosed the house wherein lived the object of his passion, he fell to the ground, and injured himself so seriously that he could not sail with the expedition. It was long before he recovered his health, and still longer before another good opportunity occurred of going to America.

This is the first recorded adventure of Hernando Cortez, the renowned conquerer of Mexico. History introduces him to us falling from a wall, in the dim light of a Spanish evening.

Two years after, being then nineteen, he took passage in a merchant vessel, and, after a most tempestuous passage, reached the island of Hispaniola, then the seat of Spanish power in America. He was at that time a very handsome young man, graceful, self-confident, a superior swordsman and horseman, and highly accomplished in all warlike exercises. On leaving the ship, he went at once to the house of the governor, a friend of his family. The governor being absent upon an expedition, his secretary received Cortez with politeness, and, by way of encouraging a new comer, assured him that the governor, upon his return, would doubtless allot to him a liberal tract of land.

"Land!" said Cortez. "I come to find gold, not to plough the ground like a peasant."

Nevertheless, when the governor offered him a portion of land and a number of Indians as slaves, there being nothing better to take at the time, Cortez accepted them, and became a planter. The governor also named him notary of the town, an office of some little emolument. Without entirely neglecting his business, he now resumed his dissolute habits, and spent most of his time in love intrigues, which involved him in several duels. After seven years of a life like this, he joined the forces destined for the conquest of Cuba under Velasquez, and displayed, in that affair, so much dash, activity, courage and gayety, that he became a favorite of Velasquez, who named him his secretary.

This friendship was soon changed into fierce hostility. Cortez, in the course of his amorous adventures, had given a promise of marriage to a young lady, which he was not inclined to keep. Governor Velasquez insisted on his fulfilling the promise. Cortez, angry at this interference with his pleasures, joined himself to the enemies of Velasquez, and prepared to go to Spain to intrigue for his recall. The governor, discovering the plot, arrested Cortez, and would have hanged him, it is said, but for the intercession of friends. He threw him into prison, and caused him to be chained. Twice Cortez escaped, and was twice re-captured, and at length was glad enough to accept his liberty on condition of marrying the girl he had betrayed. The governor endowed the young couple with an extensive tract of land in Cuba, and a large number of Indians. Being now a married man, he carried on his plantation with great vigor, imported cattle from Spain, and raised better crops than his neighbors. Gold having been discovered upon his land, he kept many of his Indians at work in mining it, and so gradually became a man of considerable wealth. He is said to have been a hard taskmaster. "God alone knows," writes a Spanish historian, "how many Indian lives his gold cost him, and God will hold him to an account for them." In such labors his life passed until he was thirty-three years of age, and there was no prospect, at that time, of his ever emerging from obscurity. So far as we know, he expected to live and die a planter and miner.

But in 1518 there returned to Santiago, after an absence of seven weeks, a small fleet which Velasquez had sent out to explore the coasts of the adjacent continent. This fleet brought wonderful and most thrilling intelligence. Mexico had been discovered!—a land inhabited, not by poor and ignorant savages, but by a people considerably civilized, who possessed spacious and costly edifices, temples, rich garments, ornaments of gold; a people, too, who were ruled by a powerful monarch, with a disciplined army, and yet were so debased by superstition as to appease the imaginary wrath of their idols by sacrifices of human beings. How all this appealed at once to the cupidity and religious zeal of the Spaniards, can be imagined by those who know anything of the character of the Spaniards of that day. Governor Velasquez proceeded immediately to organize an expedition for the settlement and conversion of Mexico. There were two things wanting—money, and a man fit to command such an enterprise. On looking around, the governor thought he saw in Hernando Cortez a man rich enough to defray, in great part, the expense of the expedition, and endowed with the requisite energy and talents to conduct it.

He sent for Cortez, revealed the project to him, and offered him the command. Cortez accepted it, and agreed to embark his fortune in the enterprise. Six large vessels were speedily equipped, and three hundred men eagerly volunteered to follow a leader already known for his courage and skill. The orders given by Velasquez to the commander of the expedition enjoined it upon him to deal gently and liberally with the Mexicans, since the grand objects in view were, first, and above all, to convert them to Christianity; secondly, to open with them a peaceful, honest commerce; and, lastly, to get such a knowledge of the country and its waters as would be of use to future navigators. He was directed, however, to impress upon the Mexicans a lofty idea of the goodness and greatness of the King of Spain, to invite them to conciliate that monarch by presents of gold and pearls, and acknowledge him as their sovereign lord.

When the fleet was ready to sail, Velasquez awoke to the danger of trusting with an important, independent command, a man so ambitious and resolute as Cortez, and he determined to remove him. Cortez, notified in [illegible] to the beach at [illegible] his anchors, and [illegible] 18, 1518, to execute his intention, he saw the fleet standing out to sea, beyond the reach of his orders.

Touching at several places on his way for recruits, Cortez found himself, five months after, near the port now named Vera Cruz, with one hundred and ten sailors, five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, and two hundred Indians, fourteen pieces of artillery, and sixteen horses. Disembarking, he established himself in an entrenched camp, and opened relations with the Cacique of the district, who treated the strangers with the utmost hospitality. Their first interview began with the celebration of the Mass, after which Cortez invited the Cacique and his attendants to a collation, which being ended, conversion began. Having learned from the Cacique that Montezuma, the king of the country, resided at a great city two hundred miles distant, Cortez asked permission to visit him, to which the Cacique replied that he would send his request to the king. A week after the messengers returned, bearing to the Spaniards magnificent presents, and a message from Montezuma, declining the proffered visit. A second request elicited other costly gifts, and a positive order from the king for the strangers not to approach the capital.

Cortez hesitated not a moment. Feigning submission, he prepared at once to march to Mexico. Some of his followers, however, not as bold as himself, murmured, and plotted against him. Then it was that, besides repressing the mutiny with the strong hand, he resolved to make all turning back impossible. He caused all his vessels, except the smallest, to be scuttled and sunk. From that hour, there was no safety except in the total conquest of the country. Leaving at Vera Cruz a sufficient garrison, he began his immortal march, August 16, 1519, with the following forces: four hundred foot soldiers, fifteen horsemen, thirteen hundred Indian warriors, one thousand Indians to draw the cannons and carry the baggage, and seven pieces of artillery.

To relate the conquest of Mexico requires volumes. That great empire fell, like Peru, because it was divided against itself. At what an enormous sacrifice of life the conquest was made, what perils Cortez escaped, what an amazing energy and genius he displayed, how much wisdom and humanity were united in him with bigotry and cruelty—to know these things, the reader must repair to one of the many works which relate the conquest of Mexico.

For twenty-one years, if we deduct one short, triumphal visit to Spain, Cortez lived in Mexico, and for Mexico, fighting, organizing, governing, exploring, evangelizing. He explored the Isthmus of Darien, and discovered California. He acquired incalculable wealth, and expended the greater part of it in explorations and establishments, from which he neither received nor expected any return. Falling into disfavor with the king, he returned to Spain, and, after living in obscurity for seven years, died in 1547, aged sixty-two years. He left large sums for the establishment in Mexico of three great institutions, a hospital, a college for the education of missionaries, and a convent. His will contained one passage so curious that I will conclude by copying it. After recommending his heirs to treat the Indians with humanity, he proceeds thus:

"It has been long a question whether we can, in good conscience, hold the Indians in slavery. This question not having yet been decided, I order my son, Martin, and his heirs, to spare no pains to arrive at a knowledge of the truth on this point, for it is a matter which interests deeply their conscience and mine."

Who would have thought to find such a passage in the will of a Cortez? Nothing is more certain than this, that Cortez, in all that he did in Mexico, fully believed that he was an instrument in the hand of a benevolent God; for he found Mexico pagan, and left it Catholic. Massacre, rapine, devastation, the betrayal and murder of a king, the fall of an empire—these were as nothing in view of a result like this! So thought all good Spaniards of that age.

## THE SULTAN AND THE OWLS:

### AN ARABIAN TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

The Sultan, MAHMOUD, in his early reign,
By bo[illegible] foreign wars reduced the nation,
Till half his faithful followers were slain,
And all the land was filled with desolation.

II.

The sultan's Vizier, saddened at the heart
To see at every turn some new disaster,
Essayed, in vain, by counsel and by art,
To stay the folly of his royal master.

III.

The Vizier, deeply versed in legal lore,—
In state-affairs the Sultan's chief reliance,—
Had found, besides, some leisure to explore
In learned books the mysteries of science.

IV.

With other matters of the graver sort,
He knew to judge men's fancies by their features,
And understood, according to report,
The hidden language of the feathered creatures.

V.

One pleasant evening, on an aged tree,
(The while within a wood the twain were walking)
The Sultan and the Vizier chanced to see
A pair of solemn Owls engaged in talking.

VI.

The Sultan asked, "What is it that they say?"
And fain would know what the debate portended;
The Vizier answered, "Sire, excuse me, pray.
I fear your Highness would be much offended."

VII.

"Nay," said the Sultan, "whatsoe'er it be
These heralds of Minerva may be saying,
Repeat it, Vizier, faithfully to me;
There's no offence—except in not obeying."

VIII.

"Well," said the other, "these sagacious fowls
Have met, 'twould seem, at the appointed hour,
To fix their children's wedding; and the owls
Are at this moment talking of the dower.

IX.

The father of the daughter, speaking free,
Says, 'What are your conditions? please to state 'em[illegible]
'Well—twenty ruined villages,' quoth he;
(The father of the son) 'and that's my *ultimatum!*'

X.

'Done!' says [illegible]er—'only understand
I'd say tw[illegible]red quite as soon as twenty
Thanks to goo[illegible]MOUD!—while *he* rules the land,
We shall have [illegible] villages in plenty!'"

'Tis said the Su[illegible]ck with remorse,
Restored the [illegible]uced by war and
That not an ow[illegible]d a ruined village.

## THE LO[illegible]RINCESS.

Those who have read Eugene Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* will remember that two of the most prominent characters in the novel are a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, bearing the name of Fleur de Marie, and a young man known as Rodolph. The latter is a German Prince in disguise, and when he first encounters Fleur de Marie, who turns out to be his own long lost daughter, she is living in one of the vilest holes in Paris. Most of the readers of the novel doubtless suppose that the story of the young girl's high birth, of her abandonment in infancy by a heartless mother, and her final recovery, is simply the creation of the author's fancy. But improbable as it seems, it is nearly equalled by the actual experience of a Polish princess during the early days of the first French Revolution—that dismal period which was so prolific in facts "stranger than fiction."

The Princess Anna Lubomieski had established herself in Paris a short time before the overthrow of the old monarchy, and although stormy times were evidently close at hand, and events occurred which prompted many of the French noblesse to seek safety for life and fortune in England and Germany, she never dreamed of changing her residence, persuaded that her high rank, and the well-known fact that she was a Russian subject, would secure her from being in any way disturbed so long as she did not meddle with plots or politics. Robespierre had not been long in power before she learned to her cost how great a mistake she had made in trusting to such a protection. Denounced under the absurd pretext of being a spy, and a conspirator against the Republic, the Princess was summoned to appear before the usual tribunal, was hastily tried after the fashion of the times, and was, of course, condemned to die. When carried to prison to await the execution of the sentence, no member of her family was allowed to accompany her except her daughter Rosalie, a child about five years old. On the sad day on which the poor mother was dragged to the scaffold, she commended her little orphan Rosalie—her only child—to some companions in misfortune whom she had found in the Conciergerie. It so happened that each one of them, within a short period, experienced a fate similar to the tragical one of the Princess; and the poor child, adopted and bequeathed by each victim in turn, at last came into the hands of the washerwoman of the prison, named Bertot, who, though a widow, and with five children of her own dependant upon her for support, was so touched by the forlorn condition of the little Rosalie, that she assumed the care of her herself.

The beauty of Rosalie, her unusual intelligence, considering her years, her gentle temper, her winning ways, and her anxious desire to help her benefactress, quickly gained the heart of the kindly washerwoman, so that she adopted the orphan and felt for her an affection scarcely less warm than that for her own children.

A few years after the termination of the Reign of Terror, a list of its victims who had belonged to other countries was prepared and published as widely as possible over Europe. The brother of the Princess, the Count Rzewouski, was one day looking somewhat carelessly over this list, when his eye was arrested by the sight of his sister's name, and he then learned for the first time the horrible fate in which her misplaced confidence had involved her.

The Count, of course, instantly started for Paris, to get possession of his niece, and to take her to her Polish home. On his arrival in that city, the authorities willingly rendered every assistance in their power to ascertain her whereabouts, but all his and their efforts were utterly fruitless, as all trace of the orphan was lost. Advertisements appeared in all the papers, offering large rewards to any one who would give information; but as good mother Bertot did not see the papers, and probably could not have read them if they had fallen in her way, nothing came of them. Month after month was spent by the Count in these useless endeavors, and at last he reluctantly prepared to return home to Poland. On the morning of the day fixed for his departure the Count met a washerwoman and a little girl with a basket of linen, at the entrance of the Hotel Grand Bateliere, at which he lodged. He was so struck with the beauty of the little girl, and with her fancied resemblance, in some respects, to his lost sister, that he stopped to have a few words with her. It was the hand of a kind Providence, whose ways are so often not like our ways, which arrested him, for this washerwoman and her young assistant were no other than the good Mother Bertot and her orphan charge. Only a few days before this Mother Bertot had been engaged as washerwoman of the Hotel Grand Bateliere, whither she was taking some newly washed linen, when the Count so happily met her.

"What is your name, my child?" asked the Count.

"Rosalie, sir," was the answer.

"Rosalie, do you say? is Rosalie really your name?—My good woman," said the Count, turning to Madam Bertot, "is this your child?"

"Yes, sir," said she; "indeed she is my child, for I have supported her for three years. But, when I call her my child, I do not mean to say that I am actually her mother. No; she is the daughter of a poor lady who was in the prison to which I once belonged, and where I found her. She has neither father nor mother. But misfortune has bound me to her as closely as if we had been glued together."

"Do you say," rejoined the Count, "that she is the child of one who was in prison?"

"Yes, of a great lady who was imprisoned and guillotined, with many others, in the time of Robespierre."

The Count was instantly convinced that he had at last found his niece; but, to make assurance doubly sure, he addressed a few words to her in Polish. The moment that Rosalie heard the words, which recalled the dear remembrances of her infancy, she burst into tears, and throwing herself into the arms of the Count, she exclaimed:

"Oh, sir! I understand what you say—I understand what you say! Repeat the words again. It is the language in which my dear mother used to talk to me."

"Rosalie! my Rosalie!" said the Count, profoundly affected and clasping the child in his arms—"I have found you at last. Yes, you are my niece, the daughter of my beloved sister!" Then addressing the astonished washerwoman, he said:

"Brave woman! you shall be always her mother. You shall never be parted while you live. As you took the abandoned orphan into your family, and cared for her with a mother's love, your family shall henceforth be part of mine."

The Count was as good as his word. Mother Bertot and her children were at once removed to handsome apartments in the Hotel Grand Bateliere, until the Count was ready to return home. They accompanied him and Rosalie (who subsequently married her cousin, the [illegible] to Poland [illegible] of Wilna, entered the army, and were on the staff of Prince Poniatowski. Her daughters also received ample dowries from their grateful friend, and in due time married Polish gentlemen of high social position.

### TAWDRY CHILDREN.

Why will not Fashion let the children alone? If ladies insist on promenading the streets in Fancy Ball costumes, they might at least concede something to taste and fitness in the garb of the girls and boys. A fashionably-dressed child out for an airing in Broadway differs not in outward appearance, except perhaps in being a trifle more tawdry, from an "infant prodigy" at the circus. The tinsel and feathers of the saw-dust ring have been transferred to the side-walk, and the little misses and masters of the "gay world" whom one meets in the grand thoroughfare on a fine day are got up faithfully after the precocious tight-rope and slack-wire dancers and the ten-year old gymnasts attached to the troupes of travelling showmen. The show mothers of the *ton* may, perhaps, array their show children in richer materials than the circus men can afford to put on the backs of their juvenile riders, dancers and tumblers; but to the casual observer the youngsters of the canvas tent and of the brown-stone mansion seem to belong to the same mountebank tribe. The airs and graces of Fashion's youthful troupe are also very similar to those of their painted rivals in the arena—quite as bold, quite as artificial. What will be the womanhood and manhood of these puppets. If their mammas do not know, we can tell them. The girls will be coquettes, the boys snobs. They are so already, in their small way. The *present* generation of *modish* Americans is a most rediculous spectacle in the eyes of their rational countrymen and countrywomen; what the *next* will be Heaven only knows. Judging from what we see of the microcosm, the full-grown fashionable world of twenty years hence will beat Bartholemew Fair in the gaudiness of its trappings, and in flippancy and affectation surpass all that dramatic caricature has yet given us in that line.

—The wilderness of winter is overpast, and we are once more on the genial side of the conventional line which divides it from the cheerful domain of Spring. It is pleasant to know that we are out of Siberia, and that every day is bringing us nearer to a milder clime. The roots of the grasses, revivified by the breath of the Vernal Goddess, are swelling in their graves; in the forest stems the ichor of vegetation is in motion, and the leaf-and-blossom-juices from whence wreaths and garlands are eliminated by the chemistry of the sun, are moulding the pupal buds from which beauty and fragrance shall burst in the coming May. We see nothing of this, but it cheers the heart to feel that the poesy of a sweeter season is in process of preparation. No matter how many Springs we may have seen, the old sensations come back to us at each renewal of the life of vegetation. Nay, the older we grow, the more we love the springtide and the Summer, for they seem in some sort to freshen the vitality which time has partially deadened within us. Youth and Health can make all seasons a holiday, but those who have reached the winter of existence feel saddest in the winter of the year, because it reminds them of their own decrepitude and decay, and they yearn for the brighter days in abeyance, because they typify the light and glory of that better land where blight and storm are unknown.

### DON'T BEG.

LEWISTON, Me., Feb. 25, 1866.

ROBERT BONNER, ESQ.—*Sir:* Undoubtedly you will be surprised to receive this letter. I am a poor boy endeavoring to obtain an education—which I find rather difficult to do, situated as I am. You are a rich man; therefore I would solicit a small sum of money of you in order to defray such expenses as I shall incur for a single term. Twenty dollars would now be worth to me more than twenty thousand to you. If you will remit this small sum to me, God will bless you for benefiting one of your fellow creatures. Perhaps you will think that this is but a resource to obtain money for profligate purposes. God forbid. I call the vengeance of heaven on myself if this be so. You who have enjoyed all the advantages that wealth can afford, can little understand my situation, who would endeavor to improve my mind, and perhaps in time to come benefit those seeking the same improvement. Grant my request and you shall never regret it.

JAMES NELSON, *Lewiston, Maine.*

*Reply.*

TO MR. JAMES NELSON:—You are mistaken, James, in supposing that we would, for a moment, be "surprised" at receiving such a letter as you have written to us. We have received too many such applications for them to be any longer a matter of surprise. You may be a worthy young man, and sincere in your aspirations; but, has it never occurred to you that *begging* is not the *first* step for a young man to take who is desirous of advancing himself in the world. You may be "a poor boy;" but are you the only one in the country? Are not poor boys the rule, and rich ones the exception? Take the men, for instance, whom you to-day would call rich, were they not nearly all "poor boys" once? The three richest men in New York city, are Cornelius Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart, and Wm. B. Astor. Two out of these three were "poor boys;" but we never heard that either of them commenced his career by begging. No, they went to work in a manly and determined way to fight the battle of life. They were young men of courage; you, on the contrary, at the very beginning of your first conflict, call out for help. You want some one to bear your burden, whereas, if you possessed an independent spirit, you would not, so long as you enjoyed good health, solicit aid from any one. If you have not the means to obtain a collegiate education, then abandon, for the present, at least, the thought of entering college, and engage in whatever pursuit you may feel yourself most competent to undertake, whether it be in the workshop, behind the counter, or at the handle of a plow; but, we pray you, *don't beg*, so long as you are fit to work. That sort of thing unmans a person.

### CHEMICAL EMBROIDERY AND FROST PICTURES.

What a wonderful thing is crystallization. You hang a lump of zinc in a solution of acetate of lead, and straightway the latter divorces itself from the salt with which it is united, and becomes attached to the suspended nugget in tussocks and garlands of metallic mosses, ferns and lichens. The combinations of artificial crystals produced by some of the processes of the laboratory are marvellously beautiful and picturesque, but none of them are half as marvellous as the witcheries wrought by the chemistry of the frost. The woods after an ice storm, chandeliered with diamonds and radiant with prismatic light; the rocks among the fighting waters, bearded with frozen spray; the white fringes and festoons of vapor-lace that beautify the dead sedges by the silenced torrent's side, and the cabinet pictures in neutral tint and silver which adorn one's chamber windows after a bitter winter night, are each and all more wondrous than any of the forms of crystallization achieved by chemic art. Perhaps the frost-limnings on the panes are the most extraordinary of all the freaks of congelation. Groves and waterfalls, pastoral vales and sky-piercing [illegible] temples, pavilions, and all the belongings of fairy-land, are there. And as the sun lights them up before it melts them, how fair they shine! It seems as if the spirit of poesy had crystallized one's dreams, or as if one's sleeping fancies had taken shape in the air, and photographed themselves upon the glass. It is said that hints for fine landscapes have frequently been derived from these breath-pictures, and we can easily believe it. We have certainly seen some frost cartoons this winter which only needed the magic of color to render them pictorial "gems."

### A NEW METHOD OF ADVERTISING.

The barbers of Great Britain have established what they call a British Hair-dressers' Academy, and are giving "Art Soirees" illustrative of the classics of their calling at one of the most fashionable Concert Halls in London. This method of advertising is decidedly unique and will no doubt prove remunerative to the associated "artists." The "soiree" consists in the dressing of a score or so of feminine heads, in as many different styles, before "a select and fashionable assemblage." As each operator puts the finishing touch to his lady, he takes her by the hand, leads her forward to the footlights and stands beside her flushed with triumph. When their twenty pates have been duly ringletted, ratted, puffed, waterfalled, braided, &c., &c., (no two being alike), the twenty damsels walk three times round the room and retire behind the curtain, after the manner of Dickens's dwarf before he went into society. The reunions, as a cockney remarked, "hare henlivened by ha band hof music w'ich treats the haudience to ha variety hof popular hairs w'ile the 'air-dressing his hin progress." The Academicians propose to form an International Hair-Dressers' Society, and invite the barbers of France, Italy, the United States, and other civilized nations, to join them in their efforts to "elevate the profession." The main object of the association is to render the heads of the adorable sex absolutely irresistible. They propose to abolish "blocks" as a relic of ancient barbarism, and to illustrate their styles exclusively by living models. Hair-dressers' models, or "subjects," are already advertised for in the London papers!

### SUICIDE.—TWO PHASES OF THE CRIME.

If a man, under the pressure of a great calamity, or from any other cause, suddenly takes his own life, we call him a suicide. Sixty or seventy years ago, persons guilty of self-murder were denied Christian burial, and stakes were driven through their bodies to mark the abhorrence in which the deed was held. Even at this day, ignominy attaches to the memories of those who have violated the "canon 'gainst self slaughter." But there are other suicides than those committed on the impulse of the moment. Thousands upon thousands of human beings destroy themselves slowly and deliberately. They would shrink with horror from the idea of summarily putting a period to their lives, but they kill themselves by inches with the utmost coolness. Excessive sensual indulgence is as fatal, in the end, as strychnine, and every intelligent sensualist knows the fact. A homicide committed under intense excitement is considered more excusable than a deliberate murder. Why should not the same rule apply to suicide?

—Favor exalts a man above his equals, but his dismissal from that favor places him below them.

## THE LAUREL-LEAF.

AIR—*Wreathe the Bowl.*

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The laurel-leaf
For every chief
Who sunn'd our Flag with glory;
Who made its name
The *Gem* of Fame
Forevermore in story;
But let no stain
Of *self* remain
On each grand wreath of brightness,
For they all kept,
When Battle swept,
Their souls in purest whiteness.
*The laurel-leaf, &c.*

II.

'Twas not for self
To gather pelf,
'Twas not for mere harp-praising;
Their blood, like wine,
Poured on the shrine
Of Country, mid war blazing.
O, no! O, no!
'Twas that the glow
Our fathers gave our story,
Should still remain,
Without a stain,
And "UNION" keep its glory.
*The laurel-leaf, &c.*

III.

What blessings now
On every brow
From lips of struggling nations!
O, how they gaze
In joy, and raise
For them the heart's ovations!
Lift, lift the song
For all that throng,
GRANT, HOOKER, and their brothers,
Nor, as we sing
By Freedom's spring,
Forget their glorious mothers.
*The laurel-leaf, &c.*

◆

# BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE FIGHT.

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires!
Strike for your altars and your fires!
Strike for the green graves of your sires!"
God and your native land!
They fought like brave men, long and well—
They piled that "deck with foemen" slain—
They conquered! HALLECK.

"Stand to your guns, men!" thundered the Captain of the Xyphias.

And the deafening cheers sank into silence, and the order was promptly obeyed.

"Mr. Ethel!"

The young lieutenant came quickly at the Captain's call.

"Pass the order to fire at the enemy's mizzen mast. Strike it as low as possible; for the lower you carry it away the more unmanageable the Sea Scourge will become. The heavy press of sail she carries forward will then lift her stern high out of the water and render her less obedient to her helm."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the cheerful voice of the young officer, as he touched his cap and went forward to see the order executed.

The gunner in charge of the lee bow chaser was an old and experienced one.

The lieutenant gave him the order, word for word, as he had received it from the Captain.

"We'll try, sir," said the veteran, with a confident smile and pat on the breech of his gun, which satisfied the lieutenant that the gunner knew his business. The gun was now ready. He sighted her, and gave the command—

"FIRE!"

Out poured the deafening discharge, and two hundred pairs of eyes were tracking the course of the ball through the air, each in impatient suspense to see the effect.

It struck close under the stern of the enemy.

"A good shot! a capital shot!" exclaimed the captain. "A little more elevation on your next, and you will splinter his mizzen mast!"

Meantime Lieutenant Ethel raised his telescope and took sight at the chase. And it seemed that the Captain of the Sea Scourge, finding that his false colors did not protect him, and having a ball drop so close under his stern, concluded that he was known, and determined to fight the battle out under his true ones. Down fluttered St. George's Cross, and up flew the Stars and Bars. And the next instant his stern chaser answered the iron messenger from the Xyphias.

The shot plunged into the sea close on the weather quarter of our gallant ship, doing no other harm than copiously sprinkling the jolly tars on that side.

"A free shower bath in hot weather is a pleasant and a wholesome thing!" exclaimed a young midshipman, who had received his full share of that blessing.

But another poor fellow, a landsman recently shipped from Cape Town, who had been standing gaping and staring with mouth and eyes both wide open, received a deluge on his face and chest, striking him with such a shock that he lost his balance and his reason at the same moment, and fell flat upon his back, rolling over and over, imagining that the ball had struck him, and that the water gurgling back from his throat was his own life-blood, and bawling at the top of his voice:

"I'm shot! I'm shot! My head's off! My head's off! Take me down! Take me down!"

Amid roars of laughter from his companions, an old salt caught up a pair of shell-hooks, similar in shape to fire-tongs, and reaching forward, brought the ends together over a piece of flesh under the fellow's pantaloons with an unmerciful squeeze.

The dead man sprang up with wonderful agility, and, amid piercing shrieks, bawled out:

"I'm shot again! I'm shot again! Take me down below! Take me down below!"

Such peals of laughter followed this, that the lad opened his eyes, looked about, came to his senses and realized his position.

At the Captain's command he went forward and slunk out of sight.

The next shot from the Sea Scourge took off the head of the brave old salt, spinning it round and round until it struck the deck, while the headless body sank quivering down upon the very spot where but a moment before the form of the coward had rolled.

But—

"The coward dies many deaths,
The brave man dies but once."

Shot after shot was now exchanged between the ships with little effect; the Xyphias all the while gradually drawing nearer the Sea Scourge, and the chase growing more exciting.

At length a lucky shot from the Xyphias struck the enemy's mizzen-mast, just above the mizzen-top, and down came the wreck.

Cheers upon cheers went up from the crew of the Xyphias!

Yells of defiance answered them from the decks of the enemy!

Lieutenant Ethel again levelled his glass at the chase.

The Sea Scourge still minded her helm, as her spanker and crotchet were still standing and drawing. The wreck of her mizzen-mast was promptly cleared away. And she doggedly answered gun for gun, shot for shot, though the Xyphias was now gaining rapidly upon her, and her case was well nigh hopeless.

At last a shot from the Xyphias struck the taffrail of the enemy, close by the wheel, scattering the splinters in every direction. One struck the helmsman, driven to his very heart. In his death-agony and delirium, he clutched the spokes of the wheel with a grasp that could not be loosened; and he slowly sank windward to the deck, turning the wheel with him. The Sea Scourge, in obedience to her helm, rounded sharply to the wind.

Seeing his ship broaching to, the Captain of the Sea Scourge ran aft, yelling:

"What d'ye mean by that, you —— sea cook? LUFF! LUFF!"

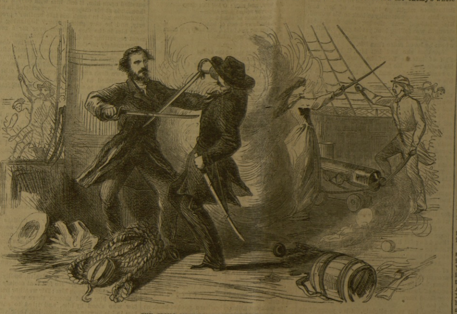
There came no response from the helmsman; and indeed in the same instant that *he* ceased speaking the Captain perceived that the man was past hearing. He reached the helm too late. The ship was already taken aback and lying directly across the course of the Xyphias, and not two cables' length from her. He gave the helm to a seaman near, and springing upon the poop deck, yelled forth the order:

"Rake her with your port battery!"

Then issued forth a tremendous discharge that shook the privateer from mast-head to keel, so that she trembled like a living creature struck with palsy. Then he braced her yards and put her wheel hard down so as to bring her again upon her course.

Meanwhile, from the deck of the Xyphias, Captain Yetsom, observing the privateer in the act of broaching to, first looked, expecting to see her haul down her colors. But as they continued to fly, he put up his helm to clear the Xyphias from the raking fire that he foresaw would be poured into her from the port battery of the enemy.

But so quickly did the Sea Scourge broach to, that the Xyphias could not get away in time; and so she received the enemy's whole broadside obliquely over her lee bows with disastrous effect.



THE CRISIS ON THE DECK OF THE SEA SCOURGE.

The roar of the cannon, the crash of falling timbers and the shrieks of the wounded were appalling.

Many poor fellows lost their lives and many more their limbs.

But now above all the noise and confusion, the voice of Captain Yetsom rang out clearly and firmly:

"Man the starboard guns! Clew up the courses! And as we cross the privateer's bows take good aim and pay her well for this!"

And before the Sea Scourge could veer round upon her course again, the Xyphias came across her bows. A long line of fire belched forth from the starboard guns, sending iron missiles crashing and tearing into the Sea Scourge and dealing death and destruction everywhere among her crew.

Here Justin's clear and ringing voice was heard high above all others in the cheers that rose heavenward from the deck of the Xyphias.

Again these cheers were answered with yells of defiance from the deck of the privateer, whose sails now began to fill rapidly, so that she quickly wore round.

This brought the ships opposite to each other.

And now commenced a murderous exchange of broadsides. Roar followed roar! Crash came upon crash! The shrieks of the wounded on both sides mingled with each other and with the cheers of their unhurt companions.

Justin was everywhere—inspiring the brave to still greater deeds of valor, encouraging the faint-hearted till they outrivalled the most heroic, helping all by precept and example, and serving at the guns where men had fallen, until relieved.

And now the foremast of the Sea Scourge was seen to totter, then to fall!

While the enemy was encumbered with this wreck, Captain Yetsom set his courses and shooting ahead, took up a raking position, from which he poured into the Sea Scourge a galling fire of grape and cannister.

The privateer persistently returned the fire with her bow chasers and promptly cleared her deck from the wreck of the foremast.

Captain Yetsom, seeing that with the indomitable courage of his countrymen she would sink before she would surrender, and seeing also that she was manœuvring to get into position again, determined to carry her by the board.

He stood off for a short time and gathered his officers and men about him and said:

"That privateer is well fought. Her commander will go to the bottom with her colors flying, rather than haul them down. He cannot have many men remaining fit for duty. So, to save the lives of my men, as well as that ship and her crew, I am resolved, by the help of the Lord, to carry her by the board."

This announcement was received with tremendous cheers.

"Enough! To your quarters, men!" thundered the captain.

The order was immediately obeyed.

"Mr. Ethel!"

The young lieutenant sprang to his captain's side.

"Get ready the boarding party!"

Ethel sprang to execute his order.

Captain Yetsom then put his ship to the about, and as she came in collision with the Sea Scourge, poured into the enemy a broadside from her port battery, and then, cutlass in hand, leaped on board, followed by Justin and the whole boarding party.

Here they were met by a set of men, few in number, but desperate in resolution, and a terrible conflict ensued. Foremost among the boarding party might have been seen the tall form of Justin, cheering on the men and striking good blows for the flag he loved so well.

In the meantime, what was Britomarte doing? Where Justin had left her, she had sat studying what she might do to help the good cause. Suddenly she found out her mission.

"There will be wounded men," she said, "and no one to attend to them in the excitement of the action."

And she arose and opened her trunks and boxes, and took from them all the soft old linen she could find, and sat down to tear it into bandages, and having done that, she began to pick the shreds that were left into lint.

While Britomarte was engaged in this humane work, her panic-stricken companion lay in one of the berths, with her head under the cover, trying to deafen herself to the sound of the battle.

When the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying began to mingle with the roar of cannon and the crash of timbers, then Britomarte gathered up her linen bandages and lint, and put them in a little basket with a pair of scissors, a flat knife, and needles and thread, and with the basket on her arm, she went up on deck.

Everybody was too busy there to see or stop her.

Through the black and sulphurous smoke, through pools of blood, between dead bodies, heedless of the cannon balls that tore crashing past her, she made her way to that part of the deck where the ship's surgeon stood among the wounded, having them carefully carried below.

"Doctor, I have come to ta[illegible] of these brave fellows," she said, paus[illegible]is side.

The surgeon looked at her [illegible]y.

"Young lady, for Heaven'[illegible]—" he began; but she took the wor[illegible]s lips.

"*Doctor*, for Heaven's sa[illegible] that I am a 'young lady,' and look [illegible] only as a human being, able and willi[illegible] useful!" she said.

"BOOM-OOM-ME! crash!" [illegible] came a cannon ball [illegible] way over their heads, and [illegible] into the sea before them.

Britomarte stood like a [illegible] absolutely unshaken by the tremendous shock.

"Were you not frightened?" asked the doctor, in amazement.

"No; why should I be?" she coolly demanded.

"Nay, why should you *not* be?"

"In the first place, because I have no fear of death; in the second, because I have no great love of life. If I could feel fear, I should rush to the very front of danger to cure myself of the weakness."

"I believe you would. You are formed of the metal of which heroes are made!"

"Let me help you," said Britomarte, feeling impatient of his praise, and pointing to the basket of linen bandages and lint that she carried in her hand.

"Well, my child, you *can* help me, and you *may*. And at least you had better be down below with me binding up wounds, than up on deck with the gunners helping to make them, as I think was your first aspiration," replied the doctor.

"Yes," said Britomarte, "I should like to serve at one of the guns, but since I am not permitted to do so, I am willing to be useful in any other way. And you will find that I shall not dress our brave sailors' wounds any the less tenderly because I should prefer to make wounds for other people to dress on the bodies of the foemen!"

And saying these words, she followed the doctor down into the cockpit, where the wounded lay, some in hammocks, some on sail cloth, and some on the naked planks.

And there her courage, her humanity, and above all, her divine purity, so impressed the ship's surgeon, that he did utterly forget that she was a young lady, and he made her as useful as if she had been a medical student.

At the surgeon's orders, with her sharp scissors and steady hand she ripped up the sleeves of the sailors' wounded arms, or the trowsers of their wounded legs, with equal promptness. She cut sticking plaster into long, slender slips, and watched the doctor to see how he brought the gaping lips of mere flesh wounds together, and closed them by laying across them, at right angles, these delicate strips of plaster, and then bandaged them up with linen.

She watched him perform this simple operation once. And then she assured him that she could do that as well as he could. And after that, while the surgeon attended to the more serious cases—probing wounds, extracting balls, and even amputating limbs—Britomarte closed and bandaged all the simple flesh wounds with a skill equal to that of the surgeon himself, and with a tenderness that drew from her rough patients many thanks and blessings.

And all this time the roar of battle went on overhead and all around her. Occasionally a ball struck near.

At length, however, the cannonading ceased, and a noise and confusion of another sort was heard above—a mighty cheering and hurrahing and running to and fro.

"What does that mean?" exclaimed the doctor.

But nobody could answer him, and he was too busy with his wounded to go and see for himself.

Britomarte had dressed the last wound of her last patient, and was holding a glass of brandy and water to his lips, for he was faint from the loss of blood, when another injured man—a young midshipman—was brought down.

And he reported that the captain had resolved to carry the enemy by the board.

"And that brave young fellow, Mr. Rosenthal, is foremost among the boarding party, fighting like another Paul Jones," he added.

Britomarte listened breathlessly; but waited quietly until her patient had drained the glass that she held to his lips, and then she gently laid his head back, put down the glass, and rushed up on deck.

She reached that horrible deck—the scene of the late carnage. It was slippery with human gore, and spattered with brains, and littered with the splinters of shivered timbers and shreds of rent canvass, and fragments of broken weapons, and obstructed with dead bodies; and over all hung a sulphurous smoke of gunpowder that obscured the vision and blackened all the sails and rigging; and above all rang the clash of steel, the report of fire-arms, the screams of the wounded, and the yells and cheers of the combatants.

Through all these horrors Britomarte rushed to the starboard side of the ship, to which the [illegible] any one might easily pass from one to the other.

On the deck of the Sea Scourge the battle was raging fiercely.

At first, her senses all bewildered with horror, Britomarte perceived before her only a pandemonium of clanging, clashing, thundering, smoking, blazing, bleeding, screaming, yelling chaos! But presently her straining eyes made out the figure of Justin.

Conspicuous above all the rest by his great height and strength, and by the grandeur of his inspired countenance, which seemed as that of a god of war, and flinging himself wherever the fight was fiercest, he soon became the one target of the enemy, who struck at him from all sides.

Seeing him thus surrounded and desperately fighting, Britomarte clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, Heavenly Father protect him! In thine infinite mercy protect him!"

Then, no longer able to restrain herself, on seeing him in the most imminent peril, she caught up a cutlass from an arm-chest near, and crying:

"Oh, God of Battles! give strength to my weak woman's arm this day!" she rushed over to the deck of the Sea Scourge, in the midst of that hell of war, and stood by her lover's side.

Meantime Justin had singled out the pirate Captain Mulligan as his own; and also Mulligan, who was a brave man, had sought out the mighty champion of the Xyphias.

And at the moment in which our amazon, cutlass in hand, boarded the Sea Scourge, these two met; and Justin's other assailants fell back at a signal from their captain. And now, between the two, stroke followed stroke in rapid succession, each very adroitly parried. At length Mulligan lost his temper, and with that his presence of mind, and made a fierce lunge at his adversary's heart, which was quickly parried, and before he could come to his guard again, Justin brought down a crushing stroke upon his head that felled him to the deck.

But as he was in the act of levelling this fatal blow, he caught a glimpse of a seaman with a cocked pistol pointed close to his head. He thought that his time had come; he mentally prayed that his soul might be recived in heaven; he heard the report of the pistol, felt the ball whizz through his hair, and thanking the Lord for his preservation, he turned and saw—what? The seaman's pistol arm resting on the cutlass with which Britomarte had struck it up!

To her then he owed his life. But there was not an instant of time to think of that now. Quick as lightning his arm flew up and his steel fell, crunching through the brain of the seaman, who dropped lifeless to the deck. Every act in this passage of arms passed with the rapidity of thought. There was not more than a minute occupied in the felling of Mulligan, the aiming of the pistol, the striking it up by Britomarte, and the braining of the assassin by Justin.

Now heedless of the battle storm that raged around them, Justin dropped upon one knee, as a knight before his queen, and, seizing the hand of his beloved, he exclaimed, with deep emotion:

"I owe my life to you!"

"I have owed mine many times to you. Thank Heaven that you are saved!"

After the fall of their captain was known to them, the rebel crew submitted, crying for quarter.

The Sea Scourge was now the prize of the Xyphias.

And down came the Stars and Bars, and up ran the glorious old flag!

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### VICTORY.

Thus far our fortunes keep an onward course,
And we are graced with wreathes of victory.
SHAKESPEARE.

Plumed victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful look;
Equally distant from proud insolence
And false humility. MASSINGER.

As soon as the crew of the Sea Scourge had surrendered, Captain Yetsom ordered them below and closed the hatches.

Then he detailed a small party of his own men and placed them under the command of Midshipman Bestor to take charge of the prize, and ordered the others to their own ship.

As soon as he regained the deck of the Xyphias he sent for Lieutenant Ethel and passed down into his cabin.

A strange weakness, dizziness and dimness of sight was creeping over him.

"Why what is this?" he said to himself. "It cannot be from *that* scratch! Bosh! I must get a glass of brandy."

But in the act of crossing to his locker, he turned giddy, reeled, grasped at the nearest object for support, and then fell forward upon his face to the cabin floor in a deep swoon.

At that very moment Lieutenant Ethel was in the act of coming down the companion ladder.

He instantly ran to his assistance, exclaiming anxiously:

"Captain! what is the matter? Are you ill?—wounded?"

Receiving no answer, he placed his hands under his captain's arms to lift him up, and in doing so perceived that his coat was saturated with some warm glutinous matter. Instantly withdrawing his hands for examination, he found them covered with thick blood. In serious alarm now, he turned the captain and drew him gently to a spot where the fresh air could blow upon him, and then he ran to the head of the companion ladder and calling to the sentinel stationed near, he said:

"Scribner, pass the word to the cockpit that the captain requires the presence of the surgeon immediately in his cabin."

He refrained, from prudential motives, from saying that the captain was wounded, (and dying, as he supposed him to be,) for Captain Yetsom was so idolized by his crew, that any injury done to him would be likely at any time to be visited heavily upon the perpetrators. And Mr. Ethel felt that should the crew of the Xyphias, in their present state of excitement, hear of their Captain's danger, no one could be answerable for the lives of the prisoners on the Sea Scourge. So he gave the order in the ambiguous words quoted. And that order was passed precisely as it was given.

Ethel for his part rushed back to the side of the captain and began rapidly to unbutton his coat and vest. When he came to his under-clothing he found it crimson with blood, that had flowed so freely as even partially to fill the space between his top-boots and the limbs they covered.

The young lieutenant groaned in anguish of spirit, for he loved his Captain as man seldom loves man.

The surgeon now came down the companion ladder. Seeing Ethel bending over the prostrate form of the Captain and tearing away the blood-stained clothing, he rushed forward, exclaiming:

"What's all this? What's the matter? The Captain wounded? Good Lord! he is one clot of blood! In Heaven's name, sir, why was I not told before?"

"I came in here but a moment ago and found him lying flat on his face," replied the young man, in a heart-broken voice. "Oh, Doctor, is he dying?" [illegible] he has fainted from loss of blood."

"*I loved him as a father! he was so good, so kind!* Oh, Doctor, is he wounded mortally?"

"How can I tell until I examine the wound! Here, take hold of this sleeve of his undershirt while I take the other. Now draw gently. There's the wound. And what a wound! I fear it is all over with our poor Captain! Come, Ethel! Stop that! this is no time for blubbering like a woman, my boy! A minute, as we use or waste it, may save or lose our Captain's life. Here, take the water in this basin and gently swab the blood away from that wound, which I perceive has nearly stopped bleeding, while I run for my instruments," said the doctor, rushing out of the cabin as fast as his fat legs could carry him.

No braver man than young Ethel had boarded the Sea Scourge that day; yet as soon as the doctor was gone he burst into sobs that shook his whole frame; and his fast falling tears mingled freely with the water with which he washed his Captain's wound. He did his work as tenderly and as thoroughly as possible, and had perfectly cleansed the wound by the time the doctor returned. And even to the young man's unprofessional eyes the wound looked less formidable than at first.

The doctor got down upon his knees and made a very careful examination, and then he lifted his head and exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven! It is not near so bad as I had expected to find it! It is an ugly flesh wound at worst, and he'll weather it. You see, a pistol ball has entered here on his right side and furrowed its way clear across the chest, and come out under the left arm. No wonder he bled so much. But he could bear it. He could bear it!"

While the doctor spoke he lost no time; he was busy cutting long, slim, strips of sticking-plaster, with which he gradually brought the ragged edges of the wound together, securing them by laying the strips at right angles with the length of the wound, and then carefully bandaging.

When this was done, with young Ethel's assistance he washed his patient thoroughly, put fresh clothes on him and laid him on his bed.

Lastly, the doctor administered restoratives that soon brought the Captain to himself.

On recovering his consciousness, Captain Yetsom looked languidly around, and finding himself upon his bed, and seeing Doctor Brown and Lieutenant Ethel bending anxiously over him, he feebly inquired:

"Why am I here? What has happened?"

"You have been wounded, but not seriously. You fainted from loss of blood and fell upon your cabin floor. Lieutenant Ethel found you and called me. And we have dressed your wound, and undressed you and put you to bed, where you are to remain for the present."

The Captain reflected a moment, and then said:

"I thought I was scratched—somewhere under my coat; but I had no idea that I was wounded and bleeding to the point of faintness."

"No, perhaps not; for no one else had, till we picked you up. The thickness of your clothing prevented the blood coming through, except in a very small quantity, which could not be perceived on account of the color of your coat. But your under clothing was crimsoned down to your boots. So there is nothing left for you to do now but to lie quietly here until you recover," said the doctor, speaking thus frankly because he saw plainly symptoms of rebellion on the part of his patient. The symptoms broke out.

"Bosh! lie here indeed, and the fight just over, and a thousand things to see to, and I the commander of the ship," exclaimed Captain Yetsom, throwing one leg out of the bed and rising on his elbow. But he immediately fell back from faintness.

"Ah, ha!" said the doctor. "Try that again, my lad, will you? Now see here, Captain, you are the commander of the ship; but I am the commander of you just at present! and I command you to keep still. And it depends upon your obedience to *my* commands whether you continue to command your ship, or whether you go on a visit to Davy Jones, with a pair of thirty-two pounders to your head and your heels!"

While the doctor spoke the Captain had been contemplating his own hands, so rough and ruddy a few hours ago, so white and waxen now!

"JE-HOS-O-PHAT, King of the Jews!" he faintly exclaimed; "can these be my hands?"

"Yes! and you've got a face to match 'em! Do they look like wielding a cutlass, or cocking a revolver? Or even like holding a speaking trumpet to your lips, supposing those white lips of yours strong enough to speak through it? Come, Captain, be a good child for once, and keep quiet since you can do no otherwise."

The Captain writhed and frowned. Of all things he abhorred to lie inactive in bed at this crisis. But he recognized the truth of the doctor's words, and he submitted to necessity; the more readily because he felt that the few words he had spoken had already exhausted him. He rested to recover a little strength, and then he beckoned young Ethel to stoop close to his lips.

"Mr. Ethel," he whispered, "you will take command of both ships. See the prisoners secured according to your best judgment. Make all necessary repairs. Then—shape for Cape Town."

Having with difficulty given these orders, Captain Yetsom turned his face to the wall, and from sheer exhaustion fell asleep.

Doctor Brown and Lieutenant Ethel left the cabin. The doctor went to attend to his other cases. The lieutenant hastened to attend to the important duties that now devolved upon him.

Meantime, where were our two young friends, and what were they about? Justin and Britomarte had returned to the Xyphias with the officers and crew. As soon as the general congratulations upon the victory were over, Justin walked apart with Britomarte, and taking her unresisting hand in his, looked upon it with intense affection for a while, and then, in a low and earnest voice, he said:

"You have gloriously redeemed your word, my sister. You have borne a heroic part in this engagement. You have passed where the cannonading has been heaviest, and you have risked your life in the thickest of the fight! But thank God!—oh, forever and forever thank God that this white hand has been raised only to *save* and to *heal*, and not to slay!"

His voice, his whole frame so shook with emotion as he uttered these last words, that she caught the contagion and dropped her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears. He drew her closer to his heart and leaned over her.

The rough sailors passing near saw all this, but they had long ago set this pair down as betrothed lovers, and their only feeling was one of sympathy with them.

"By ganny!" said one gray old sea-dog as he passed, "if I could find a gal as spunky as that one, I'd spark her myself, old as I am!"

Justin bent over Britomarte, delicately soothing her, more by looks and touch than by words. At last he said:

"Do you know—can you imagine, dearest, [illegible] Providence that it is to you I am [illegible] to Divine [illegible] good gift is always precious, but more precious from those we love, and most precious from the one we love most!"

"Brother Justin," she said, raising her head and smiling through her tears, "do not make more of this matter than it really is. I, too, am deeply grateful that I was enabled to save one who first saved me, and who, for two long years, toiled hard to keep me from starvation on that Desert Island. Say no more about that, brother; but oh! devoutly thank God with me that he has protected you through *all* the dangers of this dreadful day!"

"I do—I do, Britomarte! that He has protected, not me alone, but *us*, for you have been throughout in as great danger as any here. Oh, Heaven! when I think of that I——"

"Brother Justin," interrupted Britomarte, recovering her old tone, "whatever we do, don't let us grow sentimental."

"We will not. But this I will say, and you must hear: By one of the most heroic acts that man or woman ever dared, at the most imminent risk of your own life, you have saved mine. But I tell you now, Britomarte Conyers, that the life you have saved is worthless, and worse than worthless to me, unless you will allow me to devote it henceforth and forever to you!"

Again his voice and his whole frame shook with the intensity of his emotions. She, too, was deeply agitated; but with a queenly effort she regained the sovereignty over herself and answered gravely:

"I am ashamed of you, brother Justin. That sentiment was quite unworthy of the mighty champion of the Xyphias who carried terror into the hearts of the Sea Scourgers. Devote your life to God and to his suffering humanity, and leave me to do the same."

And she was about to leave him to return to her wounded in the cock-pit, when something in his aspect, that was *not* sentiment, or passion, or anything like either, alarmed her.

"Justin—brother! how ill you look! What is the matter? Is it possible that you are wounded?" she breathlessly demanded.

"I am fatigued, dear sister; do not disturb yourself. But where is Judith? I have not seen that warlike heroine for some time, though she was a brave volunteer for any emergency. Is she killed, wounded, or taken prisoner?" laughingly inquired Justin.

Britomarte also laughed as she replied:

"Poor Judith! If her nerves had been as firm as her will was good, no doubt she would have kept her promise. But at the sound of the first gun her wits left her; at the second, she buried herself, head and ears, in the blankets of her berth; and—the last I saw of her she was flying down, making for some unknown depths of the ship's hull. I must really go and inquire for her."

"Ay, sister, go," said Justin, in a faint voice.

"Justin, you *are* ill!" exclaimed Britomarte, looking at him with renewed alarm.

"Fatigued, dear sister, fatigued."

"But you are so pale?"

"Have you not seen me as pale as this after a day's work on the Island?"

"Yes, sometimes, when the weather has been very warm."

"Well, the *work* has been very warm to-day. Never heed me, sister. A little rest will set me all right, and then I shall be able to give some assistance to the officers, until they reduce this chaos to order again."

Very slowly and reluctantly Britomarte left him, and went down into the cockpit to send a messenger to look for Judith, while she herself gave her services to the wounded.

As soon as Britomarte was out of sight, Justin tottered to the nearest gun carriage, and sat down upon it, utterly unable to move a step farther.

In the hand to hand fight on board the Sea Scourge, he had been half conscious of receiving a wound, though in the excitement of battle he had paid no attention to it; but when the fight was over and the excitement subsided, he was made fully aware, by a sharp pain under his right arm, and a trickling sensation, that he was wounded and bleeding. Even then, not wishing to part with Britomarte, he had retained her at his side until an approaching faintness warned him that to save her from the knowledge of his condition, he must let her go. Therefore he spoke of Judith, that Britomarte might go in search of her, and give him the opportunity to look to his wound. His lifeblood was flowing fast away, his strength was failing him, yet he gave no utterance to suffering, lest he should distress her whom he loved more than life.

Now that she had left him, it was with a sigh of intense relief he sank down upon his rude seat. He felt that he had not power to reach his cabin, and that he must look to his wound as he sat.

He called to a seaman passing near, and desired his assistance. He also sent word to the sentry at the cabin door not to let the women out until he should give the word.

Then, with the help of the seaman, he took off his clothes and came to the wound.

It was not a severe one, though it had bled so freely. He had been struck from behind with some long, sharp weapon that had entered near the armpit, passed through the flesh of the right side, and come out through the skin near the breast bone.

The other sailors, seeing Justin stripped to his waist and covered with blood, came running to him with expressions of alarm and sympathy, for by his bravery and kindness he had become a general favorite.

They were all vociferous in their demands for the surgeon. But Justin checked them with a word.

"My good friends," he said, "there are many poor fellows who need the surgeon much more than I do; let him attend to them first." And then he sent a cabin boy for some water, towels, and clean clothes from his state-room.

At this moment Lieutenant Ethel came out of the cabin. Seeing the men grouped idly around the gun carriage, he came up to order them to their duties, when, perceiving the state of Justin, he exclaimed:

"Good Heaven, Mr. Rosenthal! You wounded, too!"

"Yes, but very slightly. Give yourself no uneasiness, Lieutenant."

"Has the surgeon been sent for?"

"No, and pray do not send for him. Leave him to attend to the poor fellows who need him more than I do."

"I insist upon sending for him. All our badly injured men have been looked to. And now I see that your hurt is not the trifle you would make it out to be. Here, Jones, go down to the cockpit and desire the surgeon to come up at once. Men, to your duties!"

The messenger went on his errand. The seamen dispersed at the order. And soon the good doctor came.

"Ah! Mr. Rosenthal wounded? I thought it hardly possible for you to have escaped, if all were true that I heard of you. Not badly hurt, I hope? Let me see!——This fellow has struck at you from behind, and with a dagger, too. May Satan fly away with the cowardly assassin! If he can be identified, he ought to be hanged!"

"Never mind him now! I don't care to have him identified. And I don't think the wound severe."

"No, it is not severe! A few days' rest and [illegible] The doctor soon closed the wound, and then told Justin to lean on his arm while he led him to his state-room.

But Justin asked the doctor first to send down to the cabin, and get the women out upon some pretence, as he did not wish to distress Miss Conyers with needless fears.

"Miss Conyers! Why bless you, my dear fellow, I left Miss Conyers in the cockpit, hovering like an angel of mercy over the poor wounded sailors there! ministering to their wants, alleviating their sufferings and bringing smiles to faces that before her coming had been wrung with anguish! She is a lovely woman," said the doctor.

"Heaven knows she is," responded Justin.

The doctor now supported his patient to the state-room, laid him in the berth, and after a few moments left him in a refreshing slumber.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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## ONE GENERATION OF MEN WISER THAN ANOTHER.

One day the calif Almansor, one of the vainest of the Arabian monarchs, was conversing familiarly with the famous poet Fazelli, with whom he delighted to talk, when retired from the cares of his empire.

"Thou thinkest," said he to Fazelli, "that I am not wiser than my father? Why is it so; doth not every succeeding generation add to the wisdom of that which preceded it?"

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than the prophet?" answered the poet, bowing his head reverentially.

"Assuredly not," answered the calif.

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than Solomon?" asked the poet, bowing still lower.

"Assuredly not," again answered the calif.

"Dost thou think thyself wiser than Moses, who communed with Allah himself?" a third time asked the poet, bowing to the ground.

Almansor was for a moment thoughtful, and held down his head.

"Assuredly not," replied he at length, "I were foolishly presumptuous to think so."

"Then how," resumed Fazelli, "canst thou prove that each succeeding generation is wiser than another that is past?"

"The aggregate of knowledge is certainly increased," replied the calif.

"True, O my king," replied Fazelli, "but knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom points out the road to happiness and virtue; knowledge is only an acquaintance with a mass of facts, which are not necessarily connected with either wisdom, virtue or happiness, the only objects worthy the pursuit of a wise man. The knowledge of things has certainly increased, but, O king! remember that wisdom is always the same; as much so as the great power by whom it is dispensed. Thou mayst perhaps know more of the moon, the stars, the earth, and the sea, than thy father; but of thy organization, thy soul, thy passions, appetites, the power to direct them, and the Being who bestowed them upon thee, thou knowest no more than the meanest of thy father's slaves."

"Thou sayest true," replied the calif, bowing his head reverently. "Allah, teach me humility."

"Great king," said Fazelli, "lament not thine ignorance. Everything we cannot comprehend furnishes proof of the existence of a Being wiser than ourselves."

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THOSE WE LOVE.—At all times, in this wintry life, the presence of those we love is like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds, lighting up one particular spot amid the shadows, and giving warmth, and lustre, and loveliness to all beneath the ray. That passing gleam still seems brighter than the full sunshine.

## AT PARTING.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I.

Sweet, I have kissed you often,
  But never once as now;
O bear this kiss beyond the sea,
  A flower upon your brow—
A flower of light, a living flower,
  A blood-rose of the heart,
To softly bloom and breathe perfume,
  When we are far apart!

II.

Sweet, I have clasped you often,
  But never once so warm
As now, and now; O feel this clasp
  Forever round your form—
A magic zone of safety,
  A shadowy touch of hands,
To wreathe and twine, and keep you mine,
  In the far foreign lands!

III.

And you will thread the vistas
  Of tropic isles at peace,
And lose yourself while among
  The idle Havanese;
Their hearts are fickle worshippers,
  Whose faith is little known;
But mine will beat, remember, sweet,
  For you, for you, alone!

IV.

They strew with scentless garlands
  Their altars and their tombs;
But I will deck my shrine of love
  With sweet and simple blooms.
The wild-flowers of a Fancy rare,
  From Thought's serenest dell,
Shall softly twine that breathing shrine—
  Nanine, my sweet, farewell!

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# THE WHITE SACHEM.

## A TALE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

By P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HARLOW ESTATE," "THE CHEST OF GOLD," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

The search for William Biddle was not abandoned until the close of the second day, and when the wearied pursuers, baffled and angry, returned to the settlement, Wilger and his ally, Waldron, came directly to the house of Colonel Biddle.

"You have foiled me," said Wilger, fiercely; "but it might have been better for you if you had not."

He took out a large leathern pocket-book as he spoke, and having selected some papers, he added:

"Until the main object of my mission was accomplished, or defeated, I did not think proper to mention its secondary one, which slightly affects yourself. You, Henry Kingsley, stand indicted in the county of ———, in the State of New York, as an '*accessary after the fact*' to the murder of George Kingsley."

"What! What! What!" exclaimed the distressed man; "an accessary to murder? And that of my own brother?"

"Which simply means," continued Wilger, "that you are indicted for the harboring and concealing the *murderer*——"

The colonel shuddered, as he ever did, at the word.

—"And [illegible] helping him to escape."

"Yes [illegible] understand."

"And [illegible] confess the truth of the charge?" asked [illegible] officer.

"I [illegible] so."

"No [illegible] have here a warrant for your arre[illegible] you can see, if you wish. You are [illegible] prisoner. I shall start with you to-m[illegible] orning for the East, accom-[illegible] ploy."

Colonel [illegible] examined the process without remark—[illegible] contraction of the brow alone evincing his emotion.

"And to-night?" he asked.

"You must remain in my custody. I shall lodge at Mr. Waldron's, where we will occupy a room together."

"Cannot this be obviated? Will not my word of honor——"

"No," replied Wilger.

"How much time can I have to break this news to my daughter, and for preparation?"

"I do not wish to be hard upon you—you can have an hour."

"It is not enough. If, as you say, you do not wish to be hard on me, stay with me here to-night. We will occupy one room. You shall have the best bed in the house, and be treated as if you were my benefactor, instead of my jailer. Do not drag me from home at night, and on so short a notice."

Wilger looked at his watch and said:

"I have given you my terms. Your hour has begun to run. When it is up we shall start, ready or unready."

It would be painful to dwell on the scene that ensued. Let us briefly allude to it. Clara was sent for, and was informed by her father as gently as possible of the state of affairs. The pallor of death overspread her face; she trembled from head to foot, and gushing tears filled her eyes; but at her father's bidding she schooled herself to a calmness still more painful to behold.

"When are we to start?" she asked. "How soon must I be ready?"

"*You*, my daughter? Nay, you are not to go. But if I am not permitted to return here I shall send for you within a few weeks."

"No—no—no!" exclaimed Clara. "Do not leave me, dear father! Anything but that! Take—take me with you, and this blow will be lightened of half its severity. A single week of doubt and suspense here will kill me—or it will drive me mad! Surely—surely you will not be so cruel as to go without me!"

The father, much affected, turned to Wilger.

"How are we to travel?"

"To Lakeville in a double wagon of Waldron's. The rest of the way by stage-coach and other public conveyances."

"Can she go?"

Clara's imploring eyes fell upon the officer as these words were asked.

"Yes—if she is quiet. We don't want any boo-hooing on the way."

It was a gruff, surly answer, but it brought a radiant smile to the young lady's face.

She promised to have everything in readiness, both for herself and father, at the hour appointed for starting, and Waldron, for a consideration, agreed to call in the morning for the trunks and the young lady.

But other matters were now to be settled. Colonel Biddle resolved to break up his establishment in Woodville, and to make arrangements for the return of Mrs. Mellen and the servants to the East.

Having no time to attend in person to this business, nor to the disposal and care of his household goods, he resolved to confide everything of this nature to his landlord, Mr. Peters—an oily-tongued man who did not bear an untarnished reputation, but whom Mr. Biddle believed to be honest.

Peters freely undertook the agency—promised all that was required of him, and especially agreed to store and take care of his tenant's property until his return, or until he received some written order from him, directing in what way it was to be disposed of. For his trouble he was to be liberally compensated, and he evidently considered the arrangement highly satisfactory.

Colonel Biddle also entrusted to this man a letter with money enclosures, to be delivered to Oliver, in case of his return, the purport of which, as well as its fate, will appear hereafter.

Of the details of the sad journey of the father and daughter *homeward*, if they could be longer said to have a home, it is unnecessary to speak. Colonel Biddle, although at first imprisoned, was deprived of his personal liberty only for a few days, but he was compelled to give bail for his appearance to answer the indictment, in a sum so large, that, added to the many expenses and losses which his recent troubles had entailed upon him, it left him with only a few thousands at his disposal. He persisted in his resolution not to touch his late brother's property, and he saw grim poverty beginning to stare him in the face without ever for a moment regretting his decision on that point.

Fortunately for Colonel Biddle, the law does not permit the trial of an accessory until after the conviction of his principal, and this grave offender, guilty of giving "aid and comfort" to his own flesh and blood, could not be otherwise punished as yet, than by the pecuniary embarrassment to which his position subjected him.

But the time was at hand when his bonds were to be forfeited, with the consent and knowledge of the friends who had been his sureties, and who, in turn, had been secured from loss by a transfer of a large part of his property.

He had a right to take this step, and the causes which led to it will be easily comprehended.

Time had thrown no new light upon the murder, and all his renewed attempts to penetrate that dreadful mystery were utterly baffled. There seemed no longer a starting point for investigation.

The whole atmosphere by which he was surrounded was one of fixed and firm belief in his son's guilt.

His best friends tried only to palliate the supposed crime—none doubted it. He became infected with the horrible belief, and only by great efforts succeeded at times in shaking it off, as the shuddering slumberer repels the grasp of the nightmare, only to find that he is again and again sinking under its benumbing influences.

He could not live thus. Health, bodily and mental, were failing. He felt that society had placed its brand upon him; fair weather friends deserted him; and though there were not a few who stood by him, and tried to sustain him in his former social position, their efforts did not avail. He would have cared little for the loss of caste, excepting for his loved daughter's sake, who (dear girl) regretted it chiefly for his.

He longed for seclusion from a world with which he felt that he had nothing more to do. He pined for the society and companionship of his son, and he knew that in his presence it was easier to believe him innocent. But if guilty, how much more did he need solace, and sympathy, and counsel, and all the aid that paternal solicitude and love could bestow, to lead him to repentance and peace.

If the scorpion stings of conscience torture the guilty man in the gayest crowds, what must their power be in the solitude of the wilderness?

What was the natural result of this state of feeling? Colonel Biddle had but one tie which restrained him from realizing his earnest wish, and that was his beloved daughter, whom he could not ask to accompany him into the wilderness. He decided, after great mental conflict, that it was his duty to leave her, and share the exile of his son. Time might work [illegible] which would permit the return of both William [illegible]; but if not, why, it was only choosing between his children, and, with true benevolence, he chose to share the fortunes of the most unhappy.

He had a cousin, an estimable lady in moderate circumstances, with whom he resolved to place Clara, providing for all her moderate wants, as well as for the completion of her education.

But the daughter vetoed all these carefully considered plans. She heartily approved of her father's determination to go to the "Enchanted Island," with the proviso that she was to accompany him. All places were now alike to her, she said. She was as tired as he of the life they were leading—of the half friendships, the slights of the world, the scorn of the supercilious—and she would gladly—oh, how gladly—go with her father, and share the perils and privations, as well as the joys, of those most dear to her.

"Surely—surely I can contribute something to your and William's happiness, dear father," she said. "And what else—who else is there for me to live for now?"

Colonel Biddle hesitated long to decide on so important a step, but Clara's importunities, chiming, as they did, with the promptings of his own heart, finally prevailed.

"God forgive me if I err, my beloved daughter," he said; "but I feel that it would be terrible to part with you, and never be able to receive tidings of your welfare."

Another idea, perhaps, influenced the father's decision. He still believed that Harry Weston and Clara were mutually attached; but when he playfully alluded to this subject, she at once and forever dispelled his hallucinations. Harry was nothing to her but a friend—a dear friend, she confessed, for had he not richly earned the title? But she entertained no tenderer sentiments towards him, and she was certain that she never could. Nay, more, she was sure that he did not desire it.

Colonel Biddle was astonished. He had always believed that love for the sister was one of the causes of Harry's devotion to the brother. Besides, there was much in young Weston's manner which spoke the lover. He was retiring, dreamy and sentimental.

"He is a lover, but not mine," said Clara, when her father gave expression to these thoughts. "There is no harm in my telling you his secret. He was engaged to that beautiful black-eyed girl whom you so often see with me, and whose friendship, you remarked, had survived our disasters."

"What! Emma Morris? The orphan daughter of——"

"Yes—the same. She is amiable, but high-spirited. They quarrelled; she spoke some harsh words which stung him to the quick, and he retorted still more harshly. She told him she would never see him again. But her heart is broken, and I believe that his is also."

"And this, then, is the secret of Harry's willing exile from the world?"

"Yes, this and his attachment to William, which I believe is very great."

"Poor Emma! She has not a relation in the world."

Emma Morris was indeed a wretched girl, but her high spirit was humbled with grief.

When she learned that Clara and her father were about to move away, she seemed instinctively to divine that they were going again into the wilderness to rejoin the outlawed William, and on her knees she implored Clara to intercede with her father for permission to accompany them. Her love for Harry was stronger than any fear of the world's censure. She would go to him; she would confess her faults; she would share his lot anywhere, if he would still accept of her as his wife—his repentant, humble, loving wife.

"Perhaps," she said, eagerly—"perhaps he will relent, perhaps we may have a full, earnest, and perfect reconciliation. But if he spurns my offered heart—as I fear, alas! he will do—I can bear even that better than my present wretchedness. I will live with you in the wilderness. You are the best friend I have on earth, and I shall at least see *him* sometimes, and may, without his knowledge, do something for his happiness."

Emma had spoken all these words on her knees, and with her head buried in Clara's lap, whence she would not raise it until Miss Biddle had promised her intercession with her father. When at length she raised her streaming eyes, she added:

"I will be no expense to him. You know I have money—more, far more than is of any use to me now. Perhaps—perhaps this has been worse for me than if I had been destitute. Harry, you know, is poor, and his pride may keep him from seeking a reconciliation. I have in that respect a little better right to recant, for I can offer him comparative wealth. And if he thinks I have not other suitors," she added, with a flash of pride and spirit, "he is mistaken."

"*That* he is," replied Clara; "I can undeceive him on that point. But I do not think you have reason to doubt Harry's decision. I believe you will make him the happiest of men."

"Do you *think* so?" exclaimed Emma, with clasped hands. "Oh, how delightful is the thought. But I will not be confident. I shall go prepared for the worst."

Emma had long entertained fears that her lover had transferred his affections to Clara herself; and it was not until the latter had thoroughly set her mind at rest on that point that she had unbosomed herself so freely to her.

Colonel Biddle did not prove hard to propitiate. He set fully before Miss Morris the hardships and perils of their undertaking, and warned her that whatever the result of her experiment should be, many years might elapse before she would have an opportunity to return to civilized life.

He insisted that she should take several days to reflect and decide, though he could not consent to her consulting any one, because their destination was to be kept a profound secret, and even their intended removal from the place was to be concealed until concealment was no longer possible. If, after due deliberation, she still resolved to go, he assured her that both he and Clara would be delighted with her decision. Her companionship, he said, frankly, would be inestimable to Clara, and a boon to them all.

"I wish to consult no one," replied Emma. "There is no one who has any special right to advise me. I will take the time that you require as a matter of form. But be assured nothing shall change my resolution. While I wait to decide," she added, laughing, "I shall be getting ready."

Emma was quite an heiress. Her fortune now quite exceeded all that remained of Colonel Biddle's property, and she insisted on placing a considerable portion of it in his hands, to assist in defraying the expenses of their voyage, and the outfit for their future home. The rest she left in the hands of a faithful man of business, who had heretofore had charge of her affairs. She was of age, and had no guardian.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Of their journey a few words will suffice to tell. They travelled by public conveyances to Detroit, where Colonel Biddle purchased a small sloop, which he laded with a great variety of stores. Indeed, there was scarcely anything which would be useful about a house or farm that he did not take, excepting, of course, such things as he knew his future home was already supplied with.

He needed but little large furniture; but all kinds of household goods and provisions were laid in; while two spans of horses, a yoke of oxen, cows, pigs and poultry contributed to give his vessel the appearance of a new Noah's ark.

"Let nothing be forgotten," he said, as again and again they revised their list of wants, "for there will be no chance to remedy defects."

The ladies saw to their own special wants, and provided not a few surprises for William and Harry, in certain luxurious appointments of civilized life, to which they must long have been strangers.

The newest and most perfect style of weapons were procured, and Colonel Biddle decided also to take two small field-pieces, with their proper ammunition, in view of some possible emergency in defending his new home from savage incursions.

"There is nothing that Indians dread as much as a cannon," he said, "and there have been instances where scores of them have been driven off or kept at bay by a blackened churn placed, horizontally, on wheels, with its open mouth pointed towards them."

Emma turned a little pale at this talk about hostile Indians, but she showed no other signs of faltering.

Speaking on this subject reminded them to procure presents for the friendly Pottawatamies, as well as for other savages whom it might be an object to propitiate. They accordingly purchased many pounds of colored glass beads, cheap trinkets of various kinds, and some dozen of gay blankets, together with a considerable supply of pipes and tobacco.

When all was ready, Colonel Biddle employed two reliable men to navigate his vessel up Lakes St. Clair and Huron to St. Mary's; and although it was a long and slow journey, in which they were at times thwarted by head winds, they all bore it cheerfully.

They had comfortable berths, good meals, (rather clumsily cooked and served by Clara and Emma), books, and their own society. What more could they ask traversing these beautiful sheets of water, and much of the way in sight of varied and beautiful scenery on shore.

True, the "wolf's long howl" at times reached them from the neighboring forest, and often they saw the red camp-fires of the Indians, who, their obliging boatmen told them, would gladly cook and eat them if they could.

But Colonel Biddle, as yet, saw his way clear no further than St. Mary's; for he did not dare to leave any clue beyond that settlement to the hiding place of his son and the future home of his family. He took daily practical lessons from his sailors in their art; and although he learned the mysteries of steering, as well as of raising, lowering, and shifting sails, he dared not attempt his long voyage single-handed, or with the doubtful aid which the ladies could render him. He must have at least one experienced navigator, and how to find him, and how to bind him to his service and to secrecy, were the questions which for many days agitated his mind.

He studied his two men very closely, conversing freely with them, and encouraging them to disclose as much as they would of their personal history.

One of these, Sam. Holt by name, was a tattooed ocean sailor, who had exchanged salt water for fresh, only because wages were low in the merchant service, and "lake work paid summat better prices."

He was a frank, out-spoken man, who seemed to have no concealments, and who, having laid up a few hundred dollars from his hard-earned wages, appeared to have no higher ambition than to add to the amount.

He was an American, and a single man, of about forty years—had some relations, he believed, in Vermont, but had heard nothing of them since he was a boy, when he had run away from a "pesky stepfather" and had gone to sea.

A man like this, who had no attachments and no home, if honest and reliable, seemed such an one as Colonel Biddle required for his purposes.

He conversed with him frequently and with freedom, astonishing him by his friendly familiarity, but never allowing him to suspect its cause.

Satisfied at last of his honesty, he no longer hesitated. He found it easy to engage this man to enter his service for a term of years, at wages more liberal than he could elsewhere earn.

He would be sailor, or farmer, or common laborer in any capacity; he would take any risk of forest life which his employer himself was not afraid to face; he did not care to know where they were going, and pledged himself, on oath, to entire secresy in regard to whatever he should learn of his patron's affairs.

He refused to accept a considerable sum which was offered him as earnest money, protesting that he had no mistrust of his employer, and that he had no place to keep his money while on board the vessel.

Colonel Biddle was greatly pleased with this man, who supplied a pressing want, and who would be a most important acquisition to his little settlement.

A few days later they were navigating Lake Superior, having left the second sailor at St. Mary's, greatly wondering to see his place at the helm supplied by a gentleman of the colonel's distinguished appearance.

"He might better kept me," he said, regretfully; "but some men are mighty 'fraid of their money. Not but what he's paid me liberal enough, too. But wait till the cold nor'-westers come—then he'll be sorry—standing thar in the wind and sleet, with his gray hair. Oh, won't he, though?"

### CHAPTER XXIII.

But Sam Holt proved capable of being captain, mate, and all hands of the sloop in fair weather, calling upon his employer only for occasional aid at the helm and the sails. During high and long continued winds, a severer duty fell upon the colonel; but he had strength and resolution for it all.

Before, however, we speak further of the voyage or its results, let us look after the fortunes of Oliver Waldron, of whom we have so long lost sight.

Happily, he had neither been killed nor taken prisoner by the savages, as had been feared; but his long absence had been due to other causes. He had persevered for many weeks in searching for the wandering Pottawatamies; and when at last he found them, and learned from them that William Biddle had started for home, he was induced to tarry for a considerable time with the Indians by several weighty considerations.

Chief of these was the certainty that his homeward path would be beset by enemies; and that at the end of a month—a merry month of hunting and feasting, too—the "Potty's" were all to start eastward, on a route which passed within thirty miles of Woodville. Such an escort would render his return perfectly safe; and he could hardly have resisted, if he had desired to do so, the friendly importunities of the red men to become their guest while they remained among the little Lakes. Red Turtle and Tom (who was an object of great curiosity to the Indians) heartily approved the proposition; and they all received during their stay the most hospitable and friendly treatment. That this was owing in some degree to their being friends of the White Sachem they did not doubt. Indeed, the proofs were many which the dusky warriors gave of their reverence and love for young Biddle, to whom they sent several presents of beads, embroidered belts and moccasins, and ingeniously constructed pipes, together with an earnest request for his speedy return to them.

And in order that he might not fail to find them, they would send, they said, on the first day of the next moon, three of their warriors to meet him on the spot where they were to part with Oliver's party, which, being on the border of a stream and the edge of a wood, could be easily found by the aid of those natural landmarks.

Oliver entered the precincts of Woodville agitated by many conflicting emotions. During all his long absence some faint hope of winning Miss Biddle's love had ever illumined his heart, notwithstanding her father's warning, and notwithstanding the absence, as he thought, of any encouragement from her.

He would not, indeed, have attempted to supplant Henry Weston in Clara's affections—he was incapable of such an act of baseness; but his glimmering hope was founded on the possibility that Colonel Biddle might have been mistaken in believing that an attachment existed between them.

Fortifying his spirit to learn and endure the worst, he hastened to the late residence of his friend, not doubting that he should find William and Harry at home, and, of course, not a little curious to see the individuals who had become objects of so great interest to him.

His travel-stained garments and his long and untrimmed beard rendered him, he feared, somewhat uncouth in appearance; but they did not hide the ruddy bloom of his face, nor the light of his handsome eyes, through which a noble soul looked forth, ever frank, ingenuous and true.

But the hapless youth, as we know, was destined to a new disappointment. He found the Biddle mansion in the possession of its owner, Mr. Peters, from whom he learned all which that smooth-tongued individual knew of the fate of its late occupants; and to which the astonished Oliver and Tom listened with utter amazement and grief. Colonel Biddle a prisoner! carried off in irons! (for so the exaggerated story ran,) and now, doubtless, serving a term in the State Penitentiary.

"And what of Clara—of Miss Biddle?" asked young Waldron, breathlessly.

"She went with him, sir—more dead than alive, I b'lieve. But your father will be better able to tell you the whole story," continued Peters, "as he assisted in the arrest."

"*My* father! Is it possible that he could do so?"

"He was obliged to, young man. I dare say it went against his feelings. He went with them all the way to York State——"

"And he can tell me about—about—oh, yes! I will go to him. You are quite sure that William and Harry escaped?"

"The young man that was charged with the —the crime, and his friend, both escaped."

"And went west?"

"So it was supposed; or south-west. I ought, perhaps, to mention to you that Mr. Biddle left a letter with me for you——"

Oliver reached out eager hands.

"Which I have unfortunately lost. I am very sorry, but all search for it has proved fruitless."

This letter Mr. Peters had lost in the fire, after taking out some money enclosures which it contained, and which had been intended to enable Oliver and the negro to follow the writer to the east, as well as to reward Red Turtle for his services.

The young man hastened to the residence of his father, who received him coldly, and jeeringly asked him how he liked his new employer.

"You want to come hum now, I dare say," he said, before Oliver could make his errand known. "You've found out there's worse people than Dad in the world. *He* can manage to keep out'er State's prison, at least, ef he don't wear fine clothes and cut a great swell."

"I want to learn something about Mr. Biddle and his daughter," replied Oliver, coolly. "I have come here for that purpose only. You went east with them, Mr. Peters says, and——"

"Yes; and a pooty good job I made of it, too," said the father, chucklingly.

"Where and how did you leave them?"

"Whar? I left him in jail at ———. (This was true.) Probably his high mightiness is in State's Prison now."

"And Clara? What of *her?* How did she bear it?"

"Oh, that milk-sop darter o' his, you mean?"

"I mean Miss Biddle."

"What do you want to know for?"

"She is my friend—I am interested in her fate."

"You are a fool, and she's another. If you are arter that gal—a murderer's sister, a jail-bird's darter—don't ax me the way to find her. That's what the grand colonel 'ticed you away from me with, I s'pose—a pooty face."

Herman unwittingly let out the source of his spite.

"He never enticed me; he refused to take me in his employ until I had your consent. I believe him to be an upright and honorable man."

"Oh, yes—of course. So is his son—the *murderer!* They are *all* upright."

"I believe William Biddle to be an innocent man."

"Because he's got a pooty sister. That's like you, Noll. You allers was a softy. Now I say I *know* he's guilty. There now! To go to tell me he's innocent, arter I've spent two days tryin' to ketch him! Wot does he go and hide among the Injins for, ef he's innocent? Why don't he give hisself up and be tried like a man?"

"Well—we won't argue the point. And there is no use in your being so cross to me. I am going away, and probably we shall never meet again in this world. Will you tell me what you know of Clara Biddle? How did she bear that terrible journey? How——"

"Turrible journey! 'Twarn't turrible at all. 'Twas a very nice journey. We only had to put the handcuffs on him two or three times, for fear of a rescue, when we were passing through the big places. But I think Wilger did it more for fun than anything else, and cos he was so mad about the son escapin' him. There wa'n't no fear of rescue."

"How did she bear *that?*" asked Oliver, grinding his heel into the hard earth, for it was in the field he had found his father.

"*She?* He didn't put the irons on *her*, you goose."

"I know—but——"

"Oh, she whimpered half the time, and was pale as a spook, and shed buckets of tears; and the old rip seemed a good deal more consarned about *her* than he wor about hisself."

"And when you got through? How was she *then?*"

"No matter—no matter. I said I wouldn't tell you anything about her—and I won't. Except this: that whatever she is, she's nothin' to *you*, for it's common talk here that she's engaged to that Harry Weston, that scampin' fellow that's helpin' young Biddle. And that's what he's doing it for, and by and by they're all goin' to divide [illegible] murdered man's money between 'em. So Wilger says."

Oliver turned to depart.

"Better go in and see the old woman," said Herman.

"I will."

The step-mother, who had so often scolded him, so often whipped him, so often stinted him of his food, was really glad to see him, and hoped he had come to stay.

"Dad's been dreadful low like sence you both went away," she said; "what with his low sperits and his techiness, it's dreadful living with him. He most snaps my head off."

"I thought he seemed quite merry, talking about Colonel Biddle's troubles."

"Yes—that 'livened him up for a spell; but it don't last. You better come hum."

Oliver thought not. He inquired if anything had been heard of Hugh.

"Yes. They do say that a man at Lakeville, who used to know him, had been to New York city, and had met him there at a theatre, dressed up mighty fine, and that Hugh told him he was a clerk in a store, and gettin' two hundred dollars a year; but I guess it's a story."

Oliver wished his step-mother good-bye, and the lonely woman shed tears when he came off.

"Better come back, Noll. Better come back!" were the last words he heard, as he turned away, revolving many things in his mind.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Oliver had no hesitation in deciding upon his course. He would go East in pursuit of his friends, whom he might be able in some way to assist in their adversity; and if not, why—his own way was to be made somewhere, and the world was wide. His worldly possessions consisted of a horse, his weapons, his wearing apparel, and about fifty dollars in gold, the remains of some money which Colonel Biddle had insisted on his taking with him into the wilderness, and of which he had made no other use than to bestow part of it, in presents, on his Indian hosts.

But in what remained to him he considered that Red Turtle was fairly entitled to share, and he forced the yellow coin into the hands of the reluctant Ottawa, although there was not near enough left to pay the way of himself and Tom to their new destination, if they travelled by the public conveyances. But they had their horses, "Major" and the Mustang, the latter unshod as yet, and these they resolved to ride to Lakeville and there sell them at the best prices which they could obtain.

Both Oliver and Tom had left a trunk containing clothing and other articles in Mr. Biddle's house, and these, after considerable demur, Mr. Peters consented to their taking; and he was also induced, for a decided consideration, to transport them to Lakeville for the travellers.

Oliver parted reluctantly with the Ottawa, after presenting him with one of his revolvers, and teaching him how to use it, and certainly a back-load of gold would not have made the Indian half as happy as did this simple present. He promised to come to Woodville annually, when his tribe visited the Great Lake, in the hope that he should some time meet, or at least hear of his friend again.

The travellers sold their horses and weapons as they had contemplated at Lakeville, but at a great sacrifice; and a long, weary and expensive journey by stage and steamboat brought them to the village which had so long been the home of Colonel Biddle's family. Before reaching it Oliver had spent a part of his small means in procuring a respectable, well-fitting suit of clothes, such apparel indeed as had never before encased his fine figure and his well-proportioned limbs—for poor as he was, he could not make up his mind to appear before Clara in the worn and bulging garments in which he had slept so many nights by the camp-fires of the Indians.

The reader knows that the fortune-buffeted youth was again to be disappointed. Colonel Biddle and his daughter had gone away, Rumor said, never to return.

That they had gone West—that they had been followed by officers (who hoped to get some clue to William) as far as Detroit, where all trace of them was lost—was about all that he could learn besides.

Had they returned to Woodville?

This seemed the extreme of improbability. While he pondered, in deep dejection, upon this subject, relieved only by the consoling reflection that his friend was not, as he had been taught to suppose, an inmate of the Penitentiary, Tom came gleefully to him, shouting as he waved the white missive in his hand:

"A letter! A letter! From de Colonel! From de Colonel hisself! I know his hand write!"

"Can it be? Where is the postmark?" exclaimed the overjoyed Oliver, snatching the welcome note.

"Squire Billings guv it to me, and said Massa Biddle left it for *us*, if we ever comed back, which he didn't think we would."

Waldron had it open by this time and was eagerly reading its brief contents.

It was written in a despondent and hopeless tone—hopeless of all things now, even of Oliver's safety, and of his ever returning to read the lines which were addressed to him.

It spoke of his contemplated retirement from the world, and said that he would gladly leave his friend a clue to his retreat, were it not obviously impossible to do so without imperilling his secret. Waldron might not, probably would not, return. The letter might fall into other hands, and he was resolved that nothing should ever induce him again to subject his son to the danger which he had so recently escaped. Nor could he conscientiously advise young Waldron again to jeopard his life in the wilderness, when there were so many paths open to his advancement in civilized life. The letter closed with a request that he should call on Mr. Billings on an affair of business, which that gentleman would explain to him. But it contained not a word about Clara. Was it design? Was it an oversight?

Poor Oliver, more distressed than before, turned his letter many times over, and scrutinized it with the most minute care, before he would believe the painful truth.

But he saw it all. Yes, it was too plain. Harry Weston was to be one of the inmates of their new western home, wherever it was to be—and Harry and Clara were to be married. The good Colonel had forborne to speak on the subject only out of kindness.

"What you tearin' dat letter for, Mister Oliver?" asked Tom, who had been waiting, eager to hear its contents, while Oliver's eyes ran rapidly down the lines.

"Was I?" said Oliver; "I did not mean to."

He then recurred to the note, told the negro the substance of it, and sat vacantly staring out of the window.

"Wal," said Tom, after a long silence, "let's go see Squire Billin's."

"Oh, yes—I forgot that."

The lawyer had instructions [illegible] pay Oliver [illegible]om half that five hundred dollars, and to pay [illegible]urniture and sum, out of the avails of the [illegible] left in the other property which had been [illegible]nt an agent, hands of Mr. Peters. He [illegible] which was to he said, to procure the [illegible] in the first be brought East and sold [illegible]ville. He considerable town this side [illegible] expected to receive [illegible] a month, and if Mr. Waldron and To[illegible] call upon him at the end of that time [illegible]ped to be able to carry out Colonel Bidd[illegible]es.

Oliver was surprised, [illegible] it would be wrong to say that he was not pleased. He felt some scruples about accepting so much money, only a small part of which he thought he had earned. But to decline it would be to do so, he thought, only in favor of the lawyer, as his benefactor would probably never return. That the colonel could amply afford such a donation he did not doubt.

He accepted the offer. He waited a month and more on expense, vainly seeking occupation, and when his funds were reduced to a very low ebb, Mr. Billings's messenger returned to say that Peters had decamped from Woodville, taking with him all the property which had been intrusted to his care. He had sold his houses and land, and he had disposed of his and the colonel's personal property at Lakeville at public auction, at prices ridiculously low, but highly remunerative to him. The agent could obtain no clue to his retreat, but it was not doubted that he had gone to Canada.

Disheartened by this news, Oliver pondered long on the proper course to pursue. He decided to go to New York, faintly hoping that he might find Hugh, and induce him to refund at least a part of his stolen funds, or that, failing in this, he might obtain assistance from him in getting employment. If matters came to the worst, he would go to sea. He announced his determination to Tom, who, being well known in the village, had obtained a situation as coachman to one of its few men of wealth, and was again independent.

"How much money you got?" he asked.

Oliver told him.

"It'll take mose all dat to get to New York, and de rest you'll spend in a week."

"Yes. I know it."

"'Tain't safe, sah—'tain't safe. See here, Mister Oliver. We been troo a good deal together. We've killed Injins and we've dodged Injins, and we've been ware our life wasn't worth dat," (snapping his finger.) "'Sides dat, you as good as saved my life from de Blackfoots, dough I fit pretty well myself. Hey?"

"Yes, Tom, you did. You killed your man."

"But that wouldn't done no good ef you hadn't killed tudder three, and fact is, I should ha' guv up prisoner to de Blackfoots 'fore dat, ef it hadn't been for you, and been washin' dishes for 'em now, only dey don't have no dishes. More likely dey would eaten me up and tanned my hide."

Oliver laughed, and said:

"Well, good bye, Tom. You're a good fellow, and you are welcome to all I have done for you."

"Stop a little, Mister Oliver. I can't let you go so. You may be weeks and weeks a findin' your brother. You must hev more money, and I got some to lend you. In dat trunk of mine at de colonel's, what old Peters hung on to so, (golly, he wouldn't hev guv it up at all ef he'd a known w'at was in it,) I had more'n a hundred dollars of savin's. Now I got a good place and a good suit of clothes, I'll lend you dat, and you can pay me back when you get rich."

Oliver was affected by this offer, but he declined it, and it was only when he saw that his sable friend was really grieved by his refusal, that he consented to accept one-fourth of the sum which had been so generously offered.

"I shall get work of some kind, Tom," he said, "and until I do I shall live cheaply."

"But don't you go to sea, Mr. Oliver. I warn you dat; don't you go to sea."

### CHAPTER XXV.

Arrived in New York, Waldron took board in a cheap but respectable boarding house down town, and immediately began to seek employment. But although a good farmer, there were so few other things that he could do well, that his quest proved fruitless. He was a fair penman, but the city was full of penmen, and he could find no opportunity of turning this acquirement to profitable use.

"I must do something," he said, as he paced his carpetless attic, "before my money is gone. Why should I be particular what it is? There must be laborers wanted at the docks and shipyards. Mere muscle is worth something. Anything that is honest I will do."

With such determination he could not fail, and on the second ensuing day he was vigorously at work on one of the East River piers, unlading a ship. He had preserved his backwoods clothes, and they came into play in his new avocation, from which he returned at evening early enough to dress himself more fittingly for his landlady's semi-genteel table.

His next care was to discover his unworthy brother, nor was it altogether a selfish motive which prompted him to this step. Bad as Hugh was, there were some pleasant recollections of their boyish days associated with his memory, and he thought it would be something better than utter solitude in the great city to have at least his occasional companionship. He made excuses for his brother's crimes—he believed that he must have reformed, and he determined to counsel and aid him in his efforts to do so. He would not be hard upon him; he would not reproach him; nay, he would not ask him for the money he had so treacherously taken, nor even hint that he suspected him of so vile a deed.

Judging from his own just and generous impulses, he imagined that Hugh might be ready and anxious to make reparation, and he sometimes *fancied* him rushing into his arms, asking pardon for the past, and begging that they two might henceforth live in peace and amity, amid the world of strangers by which they were surrounded. How all pecuniary questions sank into insignificance, compared with such a result! To have a brother, kind, affectionate and true, influenced by no petty jealousies or spites, on whom he could lavish the love of his now desolate heart—ah, how priceless would such a treasure be!

It was in such a spirit that Oliver began his search, to which he devoted all his evenings, visiting the principal hotels, examining registries, and making many fruitless inquiries; but he had never forgotten the rumor that his stepmother had reported to him about Hugh having been seen at a theatre, and, after tiring of other attempts, he resolved to seek him at these places of public amusement.

Nightly he might have been seen in the pit of the principal theatres, carefully scanning the audience, and giving only occasional and momentary heed to the acting.

He passed from one of these Thespian temples to another, seldom spending more than half an hour in any one of them, and often visiting three or four in the same evening.

Weeks passed in this way without result, and the serious draughts which such a mode of inquiry made upon his scant earnings compelled him to discontinue them.

But one morning when Oliver was going to his work, his attention was arrested by a hand-[illegible], advertising, in large figures and capitals, some races to take place the next day at the Long Island course.

The stakes were large, the horses well known, and the attendance of the sporting world would doubtless be general.

"Hugh will be there," said Oliver to himself, "if he can possibly raise money to go. There is nothing in the world he delights in more than a horse race."

He resolved to go. He was working by the day only, now at one piece and now at another, and he could be absent when he chose.

He took an early start the next day, but he found the Long Island cars crowded by a multitude who were as early as he. Inside and outside—on the platforms and on the roofs—the buzzing throng clung like clustered bees preparing to swarm from the parent hive.

Oliver passed through the train slowly and with great difficulty, looking into every face, and expecting momentarily to meet the familiar features of his half-brother. He was disappointed, and three anxious hours were spent near the race course in a similar examination, though he was too good a horseman not to find some pleasure in viewing the splendid animals which were brought upon the ground, as well as in watching the principal contests of the day. In his search, his attention had been given almost exclusively to the pedestrians; for he had never imagined the possibility of Hugh being able to appear in such a place in a carriage.

But his peregrinations having brought him near a very stylish light barouche, before which a noble team of glossy bays danced and curvetted, and were with difficulty held in by a liveried coachman, Oliver cast his eyes casually into the vehicle, where an elegantly dressed man, in a state of great excitement, was shouting and telegraphing, with upraised hand, over the heads of an intervening crowd, to another fashionably dressed person on horseback.

"Five hundred on Lady Stanhope! A thousand, Wilton, if you dare! A thousand! Is it done?"

"Done!" was shouted back, and the tablets of the gentleman in the barouche were whipped out and the bet recorded.

The flushed face of the speaker was partly averted from Oliver, and at the next instant his own attention was given to the last race, which was about to begin; but there was something in the voice which he had just heard with which memory was busy; and, thrilled by the suspicions which were awakening within him, he lost all further interest in the race, and elbowed his way nearer to the carriage.

The eager eyes of its inmate were on the course, except as he turned them aside to fling some defiant offers of bets to others of his sporting acquaintances, and Oliver drew to the very side of the carriage unobserved. He trembled with excitement, for there was no longer a doubt that the object of his search was before him. But what a transformation! Here was no lout of a clodhopper, but an exquisite, whose personal appointments, as well as his "turn out," might have defied criticism.

"Hugh! Hugh!" exclaimed Oliver, reaching out eager hands. "How do you do?"

Hugh turned his face toward the speaker, the blood forsook his cheeks, and his eyes were fixed upon his brother in such evident terror as an apparition from the unknown world might have inspired.

But there was something in Oliver's frank, friendly look, and in his outstretched hand, which partly reassured the guilty man, and after his involuntary hesitation, he reached out his gloved hand to his brother, and said, quite naturally:

"Why, Noll, where on earth do you come from?"

Before the other could reply, Hugh whispered to his driver, who handed him the reins, and leaped to the ground.

"Jump up here, Noll; I must have a talk with you. Wait a minute," he added, as his brother seated himself wonderingly by his side. "Lady Stanhope is coming in a neck ahead; I shall win, Wilton; good-bye."

So saying, he started his gay span, moving very slowly, of course, through the dividing crowd.

"That's all gammon, you know, about the bet," he added; "it's a little joke we agreed on before we went, just to pass ourselves off for swells, hey, Noll?"

"Oh! that's it, is it? said Oliver.

"Yes; Wilton and I are clerks in the same store; but we got a holiday to-day—and a pretty expensive one it's been, too, for I had to pay ten dollars for this barouche and span. It cuts in awfully on one's wages."

Poor Oliver was bewildered.

"What did you want of a driver?" he asked.

"Oh, he was only holding my horses! There are lots of darkies around there, just for that. He's holding some other team by this time!"

"Yes—I see!"

"Now tell me about yourself, and the folks at home, and what you have come here for. Let's have the whole story; but wait till I light a cigar. Do you smoke?"

"No."

"You may drive, then, if you like; you'll find them a splendid team to handle. Now, then, let's have it."

It was important for Hugh to have the whole of Oliver's story, and he had it, in a very clear, distinct synopsis, (always excepting his sentiments for Clara Biddle,) down to the moment when the brothers sat side by side in Hugh's carriage, driving cityward.

In return he gave Oliver such an account of himself as he thought would best serve his purposes, having had abundant time to invent an ingenious story, during the long narration to which he had but partially listened. When they arrived in the city, he drove Oliver to his boarding-house, and taking a memorandum of the street and number, promised to call and see him the next day.

"I would ask you to come to the store," he said, "but I am too busy to see you there, and the boss won't allow visitors. Good-bye. I must hurry to the livery-stable with this team, or those rascally fellows will make me pay an extra dollar."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## ANECDOTES OF THE DEFTERDAR BEY.

Of the cruelty of this Turkish grandee, who married a daughter of Mohammed Ali, numerous anecdotes are related in Egypt. He had, it is said, a tame lion, usually lying at the foot of his divan, which, although mild towards its master, was sufficiently ferocious to terrify his visitors. Sometimes he allowed it to worry his slaves, calling it off, perhaps, just as it was about to kill the wretches. Similar habits were attributed to Tippoo Sultan. This savage, when governor of the Delta, piqued himself on the simplicity and primitiveness of his manners, and his entire freedom from European habits and notions. During the period of his command in the Upper Country, a soldier robbed a poor woman of a little milk. The woman, not foreseeing the result, laid her complaint before the Bey, who demanded her to point out the culprit. This being done, the soldier was ordered to be laid upon the ground, and his body ripped open. The milk being found in his stomach, the Bey paid the complainant, and dismissing her, observed: "The robber has been punished; but had he been discovered to be innocent, the same punishment would have awaited you." It was the custom of this barbarian, who always moved surrounded by the terror of arms, to ride abroad accompanied by a number of Mamalooks (and [illegible] slaves), each [illegible] a thousand [illegible] girdle, that, should he be compelled to fly, which, considering his decided hostility to the Pacha, was by no means improbable, he might still be provided with money for his immediate use. During the Syrian campaign, six of these young men, dreading the effects of his ferocity, examples of which they daily beheld, made their escape, and took refuge in Ibrahim's camp. Being discovered, however, they were immediately apprehended and conveyed back to Cairo. Here they were commanded to appear before their inexorable lord, in the great hall of the palace, where they found him encircled by a number of blacks, armed with drawn swords. They were not long in learning their fate. He commanded them to take every man a sabre, and attack each other in his presence, until five of their number should fall, promising life, and a thousand sequins to the victor. The Mamalooks obeyed; ranged themselves three and three; and having been trained to the use of arms, and uniting skill with courage, fought desperately, shedding their blood like water, while the Defterdar sat calmly on his divan enjoying the spectacle. At length, after a long and sanguinary struggle, one only remained the victor over his unhappy companions. Exhausted and bleeding in every limb, he raised his eyes towards his master to receive the promised pardon; but, at this moment, the bey gave the nod to one of the black slaves who stood behind the victim, and the head of the Mamalook immediately rolled along the floor. On another occasion, two of his military slaves, quarrelling, drew their swords in his presence; at which his anger being kindled, he commanded their heads to be struck off. The Mamalooks, however, mindful of the fate of their companions, resolved to sell their lives dearly, drew their pistols, and aiming at the head of the tyrant, were about to rid the world of such a monster, when the interposition of other of his slaves enabled him to escape into the harem. Reckless and desperate, as knowing escape impossible, the Mamalooks, now joined by several others, who all had wrongs and insults to revenge, pursued and besieged him in his private apartments; where, but for the speedy arrival of a party of soldiers from the citadel, he would have paid the forfeit of his innumerable barbarities and crimes. With this assistance he succeeded in repelling the assailants, who, in their turn, were shut up and besieged in one of the turrets of the palace forming the powder magazine. Here they held out during several days, fighting desperately; but, at length, finding their numbers decrease, and being entirely destitute of provisions, they set fire to the powder, and blew themselves up with the tower in which they had taken refuge.

◆

FAITH.—Those who have little faith or trust in the promises of another world, are generally agonized with fear at the thought of quitting this. It is natural, indeed, that it should be so; for if through life we have entertained firm hopes of immortality, those hopes remain, and brighten at the portals of the tomb. But those who have disbelieved and those who have doubted have nothing to cheer them in the dark transition; and if they have had misgivings, those dreary misgivings last, when all the vanities that covered them have melted away like snow.

◆

MATRIMONY.—It has been remarked that, in general, persons choose to unite themselves in matrimony to a partner the most opposite in every point, moral and physical. Generally speaking, indeed, it seems as if everybody, upon intimate acquaintance, became heartily sick of his own self, and married a person as unlike the disagreeable original as possible.

## LIFE.

Life, life, life! the merry robin sings,
And the quick, exultant notes leap along the strain;
Happy, happy, happy! with an upward flash of wings,
In the far blue ether losing the refrain.

Life, life, life! the air is musical
With a sound of tiny wings, insects dreamy hum;
In their only summer day they hold high carnival,
No sadness in the chorus, no voice among them dumb.

Life, life, life! the streamlet laughs along,
Greening sunny meadows in its onward flow;
The tall grasses, bending, listen to its song,
Stay it with caresses, and blessing, let it go.

Life, life, life! O, anthem grand and wide,
Whose tireless melody the silver spheres rehearse,
Rolling on and outward, an ever-flowing tide,
Circling from the throne of God through the universe!

Life, life, life! What hast *thou* to say
Of its joy and wonder, O, deeper human heart?
Leave the bird its singing, the bee its summer day,
In the chorus infinite take a nobler part.

Life, life, life! O, deep, and grand, and long,
Opens up before us a destiny sublime!
For our untuned lips is waiting a new song,
Where eternal ages round the fleeting years of time.

Life, life, life! a destiny is ours
Freighted with such blessings as only God can give;
Shall our joy be less than that of birds and flowers?
Must the robbin teach us, what it is *to live?*

C. S.

# UNCLE HIRAM'S WILL.

## AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The scenes I am about to describe occurred about the year 1860 to a respectable family of the name of Culverton, in Orange county, N. Y.

The Culvertons had lived in the old family mansion and enjoyed the revenues of the family estate for many years, without the slightest doubt that they had a legal right to it, when suddenly there started up, from goodness knows where, an individual who laid claim to the property, and seemed likely to prove his claim to all but the Culvertons themselves.

It was certain Jabez Hardy was the nearest relative, and certain that even Mrs. Culverton was only a grand niece of Hiram Hardy, deceased; but the Culvertons had lived with the old man for years, and he had promised, time and again, to leave them everything. He had even declared that his will was made in their favor; and that such a document was actually in existence, Mr. Culverton could not doubt; but diligent search had been made in vain, and Jabez Hardy, whom the old man never saw, was to take the place of people he loved fondly, and who had been his comfort in his last hours.

"It was a shame!" said every one.

"A cruel, wicked thing!" sobbed Mrs. Culverton.

And Mr. Culverton, who had never expected a reverse, was quite crushed as the pending law suit progressed.

A thousand times a day he said:

"How providential it would be if Uncle Hiram's will would turn up at this moment."

And Mrs. Culverton always answered:

"I wonder he can rest, poor man, with such injustice going on."

But no matter what they said, or how they managed, no will was ever found, and Jabez rubbed his hands in triumph.

It was strange that while matters were in such condition, one so deeply [illegible] necessarily was, should dream of anything else; but dream she did, night after night, of an entirely opposite subject.

Inevitably, for a week at least, she had no sooner closed her eyes than she found herself in an Intelligence Office, full of employees of all ages and nations, and face to face with a girl of small stature, with a white face, Scotch features, and singular blue eyes, wide apart and staring, who desired the situation of cook.

At first she did not like the girl, but in every dream she found her aversion vanish. After a few moments' conversation, and invariably, it had begun to melt when the girl looked full at her and said:

"I'd like to hire with you, ma'am."

It was always the same office—always the same girl—always the same words were uttered—until Mrs. Culverton began to think there must be something in the dream.

"Though it can't come true," said she, "for while Johanna remains here, I shall never hire another cook."

And just as she said this, there was a scream in the kitchen, and the little errand girl ran in, frightened out of her senses, to tell how Johanna, lifting the wash boiler, had fallen with it and scalded herself.

Mrs. Culverton followed the young girl into the kitchen, and found Johanna in a wretched condition, and the doctor being sent for, she was put to bed and declared useless in her domestic capacity for at least a month to come. A temporary substitute must be had, and Mrs. Culverton that very afternoon went to New York to find one at an Intelligence Office.

Strange to say, in the bustle she had quite forgotten her dream, until she suddenly stood face to face with the very girl she had seen in it. A small, young woman, with very singular blue eyes, in a white face, and whose features betrayed Scottish origin. She had risen—this girl—from a seat in the office, and stood before her, twisting her apron strings and curtseying.

"I'd like to hire with you, ma'am," she said.

The very words of the dream also. Mrs. Culverton started, and in her confusion she could only say:

"Why?"

The girl blushed.

"I don't know," she said; "only it seems to me I'd like to live with you."

It seemed a fated thing to Mrs. C.; but she put the usual questions and received the most satisfactory answers, except as to references.

"But I can't employ you without a reference," said Mrs. C., still knowing that Fate had decreed that this girl should take a place in her kitchen.

"If you *can't*, I must out with it," said the girl. "There's my lady's name, ma'am. She'll tell you I'm honest and capable; but she turned me away for frightening the family."

"How?" asked Mrs. Culverton.

"Seeing ghosts!" replied the girl. "Every day I saw a little child in white playing about the house; and everybody said there was no such child there, though there had been once, and he was dead. Mistress said I pretended to see it for the sake of impertinence, and discharged me; but I knew by her trembling she thought I had seen a ghost. I went to a doctor, and he called it an optical delusion, and said it would pass away; and, sure enough, I've never seen it since I left the house."

It was a queer story; but Mrs. Culverton believed it, and, before she left the house, had hired Jessy to fill Johanna's place for the space of one month from that day. That evening she came and went to work with a will.

Dinner time passed comfortably and tea time came. The Culvertons never eat anything but a biscuit or sweet cake at this meal, and cups were handed about in the sitting-room. Jessy came in at the appointed hour with her tray, served every one, and then stood, smiling, before Mrs. Culverton.

"Please'm let me pass you," she said. "The old gentleman hasn't been helped. Yes, sir, in a minute."

"The—old—gentleman?" cried Mrs. Culverton.

"Yes'm—behind you in the corner, please."

"There's no gentleman, young or old, there," said the lady. "I can't imagine what you took for one."

The girl made no answer, but turned quite white and left the room. Mrs. Culverton followed her. At first she could extort no explanation, but by and by the girl declared that she saw an old gentleman sitting in an arm-chair in the corner, who beckoned to her, as she fancied, in a hurry for his tea.

"What did he look like?" asked Mrs. C.

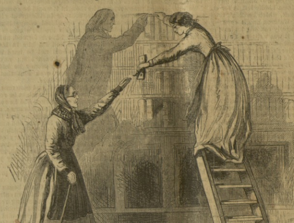
"He was thin and tall," said the girl. "His hair was white and very long, and I noticed that one of his knees looked stiff, and that he had a thick, gold-headed cane beside him."

"Uncle Hiram!" cried Mrs. Culverton. "Upon my word you've described my great grand-uncle, who has been dead for twenty years."

Jessy began to cry.

"I shall never keep a place," she said. "You'll turn me away now."

But Mrs. Culverton only laughed.



"See as many ghosts as you please," she said, "so long as you don't bring them before my eyes," and went back to her tea without saying a word to any of the family on the subject, although she was extremely mystified.

Surely if the girl had never seen her uncle Hiram—which was not likely, considering that he had been dead nearly her whole life-time—she must have seen something in the ghost line; and if, indeed, it were Uncle Hiram's spirit, [illegible] their trouble. Mrs. Culverton had always had a little superstition hidden in her soul, and she soon began to believe this version of the case completely.

The next morning she went into the kitchen, and, shutting the door, said to Jessy:

"My good girl, I do not intend to dismiss you, so be quite frank with me. I do not believe that these forms you see are optical delusions. I feel sure they are actual spirits. What do you think?"

"I think what you do, ma'am," said the girl. "Our folks have always seen ghosts, and grandfather had the second sight for ten good years before he died."

"If you should see the old gentleman you told me of again," said Mrs. Culverton, "be sure and tell me. I'll keep the story from the young folks, and Mr. Culverton would only laugh at it; but you described my dear old grand-uncle, and my belief is you saw him."

The girl promised to mention anything that might happen to her mistress; and from that day an interchange of glances between them and a subsequent confidence in the kitchen was of regular occurrence.

The girl saw her aparition seated on the sofa in the parlor, seated at the dining-table, walking in the garden; and so life-like was it that she found it impossible to refrain from passing plates and cups and saucers to it, to the infinite amazement of people who saw only empty air in the same spot.

By and by she inevitably spoke of her ghost as the old gentleman, and was no more affected by its presence than by that of a living being. If it were an optical delusion, it was the most singular one on record.

But all this while—ghost or no ghost—the figure never spoke, and never did anything to help the Culverton's in their dilemma, and the law-suit was nearly terminated without the shadow of a doubt in Jabez Hardy's favor.

In three days all would be over; and the Culvertons, who had earned their property, if ever mortals did, by kindness and attention to their aged relative—whom they had truly loved and honored—would probably be homeless.

One morning Mrs. Culverton sat over her breakfast, after the others had left the room, thinking of this, when Jessy came in.

"I've something to tell you, ma'am," she said. "There's a change in the old gentleman——"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Culverton.

"I've seen him twice at the foot of my bed in the night," said the girl; "and though always before he has been kind and pleasant-looking, now he frowns and looks angry. He beckons me to go somewhere, and I don't dare —in the night time——"

"You must," said Mrs. Culverton. "I know he'll come again; and I'll sit with you all night, and go where you go. It may be for great good to us all, Jessy."

"I sha'n't be afraid, ma'am, if I have company," said Jessy, in the most matter of fact way, and carried out the breakfast things.

All day they never spoke on the subject; but, on retiring, Jessy found her mistress in her bed-room wrapped in a shawl.

"I'm ready, you see," she said. And Jessy merely loosened some buttons and hooks and eyes and lay down dressed.

Ten o'clock passed—eleven—twelve. Mrs. Culverton began to doubt, when suddenly she saw Jessy's eyes dilate in a most peculiar manner, and in an instant more the girl said:

"Why, here he is, ma'am."

"There's no one there," said Mrs. C.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I see him," said the girl. "He's in a great excitement, ma'am; he's taken out his watch to look at it, and the chain is made of such bright yellow hair I thought at first it was gold."

"His wife's hair," cried Mrs. Culverton. "It was buried with him. You see dear old Uncle Hiram. Does he look at me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl.

"Uncle," said Mrs. C., "do you know me after all these years?"

"He nodded," said the girl.

"Have you come to help us—dear, kind uncle?" said the lady.

Uncle Hiram was described as nodding very kindly and beckoning.

"He wants us to follow him," said the lady, and took up the light. The moment she opened the door Jessy's eyes saw the figure pass through it. Mrs. Culverton still saw nothing.

Obedient to the girl's description of the ghost's movements, Mrs. Culverton descended the stairs, bearing a lamp with her, and soon stood in the library.

There the ghost paused before a book-case.

"He wants me to open it," said Jessy.

"Do so," said the lady.

"He signs to take down the books," said the girl.

And Mrs. Culverton's own hands went to work. Book after book was taken down—novels and romances, poems and plays.

A pile of volumes lay upon the library carpet and still the ghost pointed to the rest in succession, until all were down.

"He looks troubled, ma'am. He seems trying to think," said the girl. "Oh, ma'am, he's gone to the other case!"

And so, to cut a long story short, the four great book-cases were emptied, without apparent result.

Suddenly Jessy screamed:

"He's in the air. He's risen, ma'am, to the top of the case. He wants me to climb up."

"Get the steps, Jessy," said her mistress. And Jessy obeyed.

On the very top of one of the cases, covered by cobwe[illegible] she found an old German book, and brou[illegible] it down. [illegible] Culverton[illegible] there," she said. And as Mrs. [illegible] the leaves [illegible]ok it in her hand, from between [illegible] with red [illegible] dropped a folded paper, fastened [illegible] The lady [illegible] sealed. [illegible] side these [illegible] it up, and read on the outside:

"*The las*[illegible] *testament of Hiram Hardy.*"

For a lit[illegible] tremble[illegible] she could only weep and [illegible]

"Uncle [illegible] said, "In the name of my husband and [illegible] children, I thank you from my soul. [illegible] hear me, Jessy?"

"Yes; he nods and smiles," said the girl.

"Will you let me see you, uncle?" said Mrs. C.

"He's gone," said the girl. "He has kissed his hand, and gone."

And so he had, for good; for from that moment he was never seen again by mortal eyes.

Nobody believed the story of his appearance. But the will had been discovered, without a doubt, and the Culvertons were no longer in danger of expulsion from their old home. There they lived and died, and Bessy remained until she married; and all her life received every kindness from the family, who were indebted to her singular peculiarity for their comfort and happiness.

Whether Uncle Hiram's spirit really came back to earth or not Mrs. Culverton always asserted that it did, and quarrelled with every one who ventured to doubt the assertion.

## SPRING FOLLIES.

"Tell you what is going on in New York?" *I* say, tell me what *isn't* going on here. If I can recover from the sublime impudence of the English nation, in requesting "our assistance against the Fenians," I'll try and tell you. I begin with *woman*, as Adam did. You should see the dimensions of her present hoop. You should walk behind that hoop when there's a high wind, or when it is inconsiderately pressed against, at the sides, by some passing pedestrian. You should calculate the increased number of yards necessary in petticoats and dresses, and in the trimmings thereof, to go over it. You should see, when this superstructure is at last piled on, how this treacherous hoop will flap in here and stick out there, till it bears much more resemblance to a triangle than to a circle, and gives you the idea that the wearer must have "been on a lark" and "not come home till morning." No matter; it is all fish to the net of the hoop-skirt manufacturers. Well, then next to this fashion comes a skull-cap of silk curls, closely resembling natural hair, to be drawn on at a minute's notice, without the expense or aid of a hair-dresser. This I think is a French invention, and transforms a bald head to a poodle dog in less time than it takes me to tell you. Then we have spring silks, in great wide staring stripes, which will immediately catch the eye of some fat dumpy woman, who will purchase it in order to make her person, when it is made up, resemble those fences in New York that are stuck all over with parti-colored advertisements of circuses and theatres, and patent medicines, and Hair Invigorators, and complexion washes. Then we have sacques for ladies, with yards of broad ribbon pendant between the shoulder-blades, on which is strung great jet ornaments and buttons the size of soup-plates, and various other "wampum" fixins hanging far below the waist, and which are considered very ornamental and highly fashionable, and are supposed vastly to enhance the charms of a naturally fine form. Then we have snow-white woollen sacques for ladies which are worn *in the street*, with very common dresses, and in very bad weather, and give you the idea that the wearer got half dressed to go to the opera, and then changed her mind and concluded to go to market.

It is as good as a play to take a walk now-a-days; and a great deal better, as plays go. But bless you, my dear, after all what are the women to do? Love being an old-fashioned article, long ago consigned to the lumber-room of the past, there's no choice for most of them between millinery and mischief. To a thinking woman, indeed!—but you see, my dear, *a woman mustn't think*, if she wouldn't land in a Lunatic Asylum.

You can imagine that we must have some beauty in New York, if one can detect a charm in all these hideous disguises. Sometimes I see such lovely young faces—blondes and brunettes—perfect types of both—and I just long to strip off the meretricious trappings which only disfigure these pretty creatures, and dress them simply and quietly, that their beauty may the better assert itself. But when they open their lips and speak I see the absurdity of this idea. It is not *girlhood* that I hear. Lord bless you, no; a woman of forty couldn't be more knowing and wise in what fashion calls wisdom. For all that, I often wonder that just for the refreshing novelty of the thing these pretty creatures never try the *sweet-simplicity* style.

"What a horrid dress!" exclaimed a lady to me, pointing to one before us. "What is the matter with it?" asked I. "It is of handsome material, quiet in color, well made and lady-like, is it not?" "Y-e-s," was the reply; "but don't *you see there's not a particle of trimming on it anywhere*." As this remark covers the whole subject, I leave it.

FANNY FERN.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**HARRISON** says: "It is my deliberate opinion that children are wiser in their generation than grown men and women, and that most of us recede from the age of discretion as we advance toward maturity. What the school-boy covets he can enjoy. He saves his pennies until he can buy a knife. With the knife he whittles out a boat, fashions a bow-and-arrow, cuts himself a fishing pole, and with these he 'takes real, solid comfort.' How is it with the child of a larger growth? Suppose he compasses his object. Say it is wealth. Will his riches procure him half the pleasure the urchin derives from his knife. Doubtful, *more* than doubtful." In reply to the theory of our correspondent, we will remark that, if the object of existence, and the "whole end of man," be to take such comfort as a boy gets out of his jack-knife, why then the boys have the best of us, and show more "discretion" than their fathers do. But we are of the opinion that man was not formed altogether for a jack-knife career; and that, taking the race at large, the men excel the boys not only in *discretion* but in everything in any manner thereunto appertaining or belonging.

**A. S.**—If a couple agree, in the presence of witnesses, to take one another as man and wife, and to live together as such till death shall separate them, and then do live together as man and wife, they will be legally bound to all the consequences, just the same as if a marriage ceremony had been performed by some one authorized to perform it. And if either of them should attempt to shake off the marital yoke on the pretence that there had been no marriage, the one making such attempt would find that he or she (as the case might be) was firmly bound in bonds which could only be severed by due process of law, on sufficient cause shown and arising *after* the marital agreement had been entered into, just the same as in the case of a couple united by the solemnization of a formal ceremony. Notwithstanding this, however, any one, and especially a woman, would be unwise to enter into the marriage state by such a side-door proceeding, because it always leaves an unappeasable disquiet in the mind as to the validity of the marriage, and is pretty certain to give rise to mortifying vicissitudes.

**CORNELIA**, Newburgh.—Your problem is nearly as old as money itself, and yet it is probable that the day will never come when it will not be new to many persons. If a man buys any article of you for five dollars, and gives you a hundred dollar bill, which a neighbor changes for you, and you give the purchaser ninety-five dollars in change, and afterwards the neighbor comes in and says the bill is counterfeit, and requires you to give him one hundred dollars in good money for it, you will lose just ninety-five dollars in money and the article which you sold—no more and no less.

**PHILADELPHIA.**—It may be that the man referred to did not adhere to the truth in his statement to husband. He may have falsely traduced the lady of whom he was speaking. If she is a friend of yours, you [illegible] somewhat of the correctness or incorrectness of his story about her. But as your husband does not want you to visit her, you should comply with his wishes in that respect, even though they may be founded on prejudice and misrepresentation. Time at last sets most things even.

**HARRY.**—Go to a clergyman, state your case to him, and ask him to perform the ceremony. He will give you all the information necessary as to the "way the thing is to be done." If the "girl," as you call your intended wife, has a family, or any friends, the wedding should take place, if possible, at their abode, if not, then let the ceremony be performed at the house of the clergyman who may officiate on the occasion.

**A FRIEND**, Boston.—You should not mix yourself up in such an affair. The young lady can inform her persistent wooer that she does not wish, and will not permit, his attentions; but it would be rather indecorous for you to 'see him," or to do anything about the matter personally. If, however, you are the accepted lover of the young lady yourself, you would have a right to 'take hold of the matter" at her request.

**SELINA.**—The only way in which you can definitely and conclusively ascertain whether a publisher would give you anything for the manuscript of your proposed book, would be to apply to one publisher after another until you found one who would buy it, or until you would be ready and willing to stop trying to sell the manuscript. Every author has had his or her first manuscript to dispose of, and every one had to try the experiment for him or herself.

**AUGUSTINE.**—Your letter is too long—three closely-written pages—and written in ink of too pale a quality and in a too microscopic hand. We mention these points for the purpose of calling the attention of all our correspondents to them. It would be too severe a task on ordinary eyes to read your letter by gas-light, so it will have to go unanswered. Short letters, which go right to the point, and are written in a plain, readable hand, always receive the preference.

**YOUNG WIDOW.**—It is quite proper that you should be unable to get a receipt for dyeing your hair, as it is plainly your intention so to order things that many a man shall be "dying" for you. Why not leave your hair in the hands of Nature, and let her color it to suit her own fancy? Should she turn it white, you would become unique and perhaps irresistible, as a silver-haired young widow would be the greatest novelty of the season.

**A. R.**—As you do not tell us what "Order No. 802, of October 23d, 1865," is, or give us the least idea of its substance, we cannot tell whether you would be safe to trust to it or not. When you want information on a matter involving life and death, you should be particular to state all the facts on which the question depends.

**LEXINGTON.**—It is not customary to acknowledge the receipt of wedding or party cards, except by attending the party or wedding. So, too, when you receive the cards of a new-married couple, you do not "answer" them, but merely call on the happy twain at an early day, in case you wish to continue their acquaintance.

**DELLIE.**—Write the person to whom you refer a polite and kind note, stating that you do not wish to continue the correspondence any longer; or, if it is a matter of no consequence, cease to answer his letters, and so end the matter without any formal discontinuance.

**GLENCOE.**—Tell the young lady and her family the truth as to your pecuniary condition, and then take counsel together as to what would be the best course for you to adopt. Or tell her first, and see what she thinks you should do. There is nothing like perfect frankness in all these matters.

**MARIUS.**—If your friend is a boy in age and appearance, then, in introducing him to your father, you should say, "my friend, Thomas So and So;" but if he is a man in appearance and over eighteen, it would be better to introduce him as *Mr.* So and So.

**K. M.**—The name Aristides is pronounced Aris-*ti*-des, with the accent on the third syllable. Iphegenia is pronounced Iphege-*ni*-a, (iffe-je-*ni*-ah,) with the accent on the fourth syllable.

**ALICE.**—According to your statement, the person referred to evidently has it in mind to recede from his engagement.

**NEW YORKER** says: "On the evening of Washington's birthday I took two young ladies to the City Hall Park to see the fireworks. As we were looking on, two young men (strangers to us) came around and began to look at the young ladies pretty closely, and passed us several time; and when the fireworks were over and we started for home, they began to talk to the ladies; and as they seemed better pleased with the strange gents than with me, I at last bade them good night and left them. Now, did I do right, and ought I to keep up my acquaintance with the ladies, or let them go?" You did wrong; and the probability is that the young persons referred to will relieve you from all anxiety in regard to keeping up their acquaintance by refusing to have anything more to do with you. You have of course told the story to favor your own side of the case; but you have failed to inform us how you *knew* that the "strangers" were not in fact acquaintances of the ladies whom you deserted. If they were, in fact, total strangers to your companions, and if you have told the exact truth, then the persons whom you refer to as "ladies" were utterly undeserving of the name, and you had no business to be caught in their company.

**WIFE.**—If there were secrets concerning your family which you could not divulge to your lover without injuring your relatives, you of course had no right to make them known to him; nor have you any right to do so now that he has become your husband, without the consent of those whom the disclosure might injure. It was your duty, however, to tell your lover that there were secrets concerning your family which you were not at liberty to reveal, and then have let him elect to marry you or not, after having had the statement made to him. As matters now stand, it will probably be impossible for you to do anything which would satisfy your husband, if he is one of those curious, jealous, prying, grumbling men whose greatest happiness consists in making themselves miserable over what cannot be remedied. A loving, high-toned husband, or even a thorough-bred gentleman, would never speak to you on the subject, or in any manner let you see that it annoyed him; but there are not many such husbands or gentlemen on earth.

**OHIO.**—This correspondent says, "I, who will call myself A. B., am a very unhappy youth of twenty-one. I have everything in the bounds of reason to accomplish happiness, but still I am unhappy. I have always been kept in good company, and have mingled with the gay, and trode the primrose paths of life; and yet I have often wished that I might gently pass away. Please tell me what would disperse the gloom that habitually rests upon my melancholy spirit." A good cowhiding, administered by a stalwart arm, would be the best thing to begin with. You are a fair representative of a certain class of wealthy young men who, by reason of indolence and indulgence, become morally moribund at an early age, and fancy that it is "stylish" to affect a melancholy air and talk about "passing gently away." A few months' work at driving a street scavenger's cart, or at cleaning out the gutters, would probably tend to elevate your character and give a healthier tone to your mind.

**AN ORPHAN.**—We must decline to assist you in carrying out your intention or wish to go upon the stage. The facts which you adduce as reasons for your choice show that you have chosen wrongly. You say that you have an impulsive temperament and an excitable disposition; also, that you are averse to hard work. Such being the case, the environment of an actress would be totally unsuited to you, and would soon ruin you, body and soul. It is your duty to tone down your impulsiveness and excitableness by good, honest work in some useful avocation. By so doing, you may become an ornament to society as well as a blessing to yourself and friends.

**C. H. F.**—The fact that you took the girl referred to to the party did not make you the owner of her, nor the controller of her actions, for the evening. It would be paying altogether too dear for a beau's services if a girl were obligated to pay court to him, or submit to his sole society for a whole evening. It would also make a party a very stupid affair if each couple in attendance should be compelled to stay together all the time. It was perfectly proper for the lady to converse with other gentlemen and leave you to take care of yourself; and the idea that you should decline to see her home, for such a reason, was outrageous.

**FOREIGNER.**—The member of your foreign circle who contends that all nouns in the English language ending in f or ff, form their plurals by changing that termination into *ves*, is mistaken. Your instance of *handkerchief*, as being an exception to that rule, is correctly chosen, as that word forms its plural by taking on *s*. So it is with the word *roof*, the plural of which is *roofs*; then we have puff, puffs; muff, muffs; cuff, cuffs; and so on. Your friend is clearly mistaken; but that is no wonder, as the orthography of the English language is such a bottomless bog of absurdity that it is not to be expected that a foreigner should ever obtain a perfect mastery of it.

**W. H. F.**—One explanation of the reason why a barber uses a striped pole as a sign, is that, in ancient times, barbers were also blood-letters. That is to say, when a person required to be bled, a barber, and not a physician, was called upon to perform the task. Hence the pole with a white and red stripe running along its length to represent a bleeding arm with a white bandage around it. This sign having been once adopted, and having become known the world over, it has been retained, although the barbers themselves for the most part have no idea of its origin.

**NELLIE AND AGGIE.**—A *flirt* is a woman who *makes a practice* of misleading men as to her affection for and intentions towards them; therefore, a girl who refuses to marry a man to whom she has been engaged and marries somebody else whom she likes better cannot properly be called by that odious epithet. A *flirt*, without committing herself, purposely makes a man think she loves him and will marry him, when in fact she cares nothing for him and is only using him for the gratification of her own selfish vanity.

**A. B. C.**—In introducing ladies and gentlemen, the latter should be introduced *to* the former. The rule is, that the inferior in rank, official position, or social standing must always be introduced or presented *to* the superior; and in such matters the etiquette of social life always regards a lady as the superior of a gentleman. If the lady offers to shake hands with the gentleman who is introduced to her, he should shake hands with her; otherwise, he should not attempt the performance of such social gymnastics.

**MARY.**—The lady friend to whom you refer, who feels so continually impressed with the idea that she ought to go forth and preach the Gospel, should take counsel with her husband and her parents—but more especially with her husband—on the subject. If they and the intuitions of her own nature cannot settle the question definitely, no stranger can aid her in coming to a just conclusion.

**PATENT.**—Address a letter to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., stating your case. He will send you a pamphlet or circular containing all the information you wish in regard to the application for a patent, the cost of taking out a patent, &c., &c. Let your letter be brief, to the point, and written in a plain hand.

**COUNTY CLERK**, of Shasta County, Cal.—We know nothing about the firm which you refer to. The next time anybody whom you do not know sends to you from New York, or elsewhere, to perform services and incur expenses on their behalf, just write to them, stating your fee, and informing them that on receiving the amount you will go on with the work.

**LLEWELLYN.**—Your boast that the Welsh have never been conquered has truth enough in it to enable you to maintain your ground. At any rate, it will trouble your opponent to establish his assertion that "they have been conquered many times." You can afford to wait a long time for him to produce his proofs on that point.

**TWENTY-FOUR.**—The insult to the young lady in your presence was a sufficient provocative of your indignation; and, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, no one can reasonably condemn you for not keeping your feelings under sufficient control to enable you to refrain from castigating the ruffian who perpetrated the insult.

**L. C.**—A bill, or resolution, of any kind except for the raising of revenue, may originate in either House of Congress; but it is understood that it is the business of the House of Representatives to take the initiative in all revenue bills, although there have been some departures from this custom.

**UNDINE.**—The declaration that "there is no such word as *literarian*," was correct. The meaning, of course, was, that the use of the word *literarian* is not authorized, either by lexicographers, by the common usage of the masses, or by any particular class.

**L. M. C.**—About the best State this side of the Pacific slope for a sick man to go to get well, is Minnesota. When he gets there, if he don't like the condition of things, he can push on to the Rocky Mountains, and even beyond them, if he chooses to do so.

*⁂ Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*